

Thank You!

Story: Thank You!

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/9866686/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Chapters: 43

Author: Droory

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/4163663/>

Last updated: 03/14/2014

Words: 31715

Rating: T

Status: In Progress

Content: Chapter 1 to 43 of 43 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: A story full of drabble requests sent to me as presents. These requests really helped me get back into writing and made me remember why I enjoy it so much, so that was a great gift everyone! Thanks! (Small Note: One request was for a lemon, but that has yet to be posted. Not changing the rating to M for one drabble lemon.)

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1**

Alrighty, so here's that story full of drabbles you all requested.

I'll be honest, some I don't feel I did particularly well in. If you think it could have been better please feel more than free to do so. I'll be happy to rewrite it and try to improve! I promise no offense will be taken!

Oh, and since this is a bunch of requests from different people, I'd rather not see any reviews bashing any particular pairing or anything like that. If you don't like it that's fine, but there's no need to tell the world. I'd appreciate if you only criticised my writing, as people are entitled to request and like what they want, okay? Great!

Oh! And to the people who requested more than one story! Apologies, but with college and other things I couldn't write as often as would have liked so I've only managed to do one of each requesters requests. Sorry.

But fear not! This story will be updated with requests I received before today until I have done them all! Then I'll mark it as complete okay? I'll try to do them all by Monday/Tuesday, depending on how the birthday weekend goes.

Anyway!

To the stories!

***Chapter 2*: Pirates**

***Piers acting like a pirate and trying to get Felix to act like one too!
For gondowan!***

Plus: Bonus Swampshipping!

Felix couldn't believe Piers sometimes. For someone who was probably older than Kraden, he could often be such a child. Sometimes, he would run around, marvelling at the sights of different trees, or at people of different colour, or fruits, or different buildings. Yes, it was all very amazing experiencing the vast diversity of the world. But the way he looked at everything with such childlike wonder was as annoying sometimes as it was cute and endearing.

Somehow, Felix knew visiting Champa to get Briggs to atone for his crimes would have an even more profound effect on the Lemurian than usual. It was a sailing town after all, and nothing was likely to amaze a sailor like Piers more than Champa.

So, with the smell of salt and the seas strong in the air, Felix did his best to endure Piers' antics.

"Arr! Avast, ye landlubbers! I'll be 'avin ye walk the plank!"
Piers loud calls, in some horrific interpretation of the Champan accent.

Felix struggled not to slap himself in the face again, but failed gloriously as Piers began poking him in the side with a training sword.

"Ah-har! Me first mate, Felix! Where be your trusty parrot?" Piers bellowed out heartily.

Felix gritted his teeth as Piers continued to poke him right between his ribs with the point of the blunted sword, *"I've never owned a parrot, Piers."* He responded as calmly as he could.

"Gar! That's 'Captain Piers' to you, first mate!" Piers replied throatily, *"And how could ye not own a parrot!? E'ery pirate needs his trusty parrot! We'll be getting ye a new one right away!"*

"No I don't think that's..."

"No I don't think that's!" A loud feminine voice called out from behind him.

Felix glanced to his side, to find his sister hanging onto his shoulder tightly whilst looking off into the distance blankly.

"Jenna... what are you..."

"Jenna! What are you!" Jenna called out loudly, her gaze still inexplicably unfocused.

"Surrounded by idiots..." Felix grumbled quietly, trying his best to make sure Jenna could not repeat anything he said.

"Ah-har!" Piers exclaimed joyously, wrapping his arm around Felix's free shoulder, *"Now ye be more like me pirate, mate! Ye just be needin yer hat! Swab!"*

"Yes, Cap'n!?" Sheba's loud voice yelled across the deck.

Felix did his best to turn around, instantly regretting it as well. Sheba was marching up to them, wearing a bandanna,

an eye-patch, and had torn that particular outfit to give it a more pirate-y look.

"First mate, Felix, be needin' a hat!" Piers ordered, tussling Felix's hair as he did.

"Ya-har, I be 'avin' just the hat for 'im!" Sheba called back, tossing a hat in Piers' direction.

Piers caught the hat with his best pirate-y laugh and shoved it onto Felix's head. Felix merely sighed, slumping in defeat as his hair was pushed over his eyes from the way the hat was shoved onto him.

"Arr, cheer up, mate!" Piers said heartily, gesturing to Sheba and Jenna that they could take their leave. The two girls ran off, understanding what Piers meant, giggling with what they had done, and at what Piers planned, *"Tis, not every mate who can share a bed with the captain!"*

Despite how annoyed, and naturally steadfast, Felix was, he struggled to keep his cheeks from reddening any.

"And ye will be sharing me bed." 'Captain' Piers whispered in his ear, *"Captain's orders."*

It wasn't as though it was a break from the norm. The two of them often shared a bed, cuddling together as they drifted off at night. Jenna and Sheba often teased Felix for how gentle and sot he was when it came to his relationship with Piers. It wasn't as though he could help it.

"Not if you keep up this pirate thing." Felix said stubbornly, refusing to get in on this game he and the others were playing.

Piers chuckled a bit, *"You need to learn to loosen up a bit, Felix. Being so rigid and serious all the time... well... it's not necessarily the best for morale."*

Felix raised an eyebrow and turned to Piers.

"I understand our quest is important and it does require a level of dedication. But, think of how much more comfortable Sheba and Jenna may be if you took part in one of their games. They are so young after all, and are faced with the possibility of death and this immense burden every day."

Felix had never really considered this. After all, the majority of his teen years were spent in Prox and they were not the happiest years of his life. The training sessions and the possible beating Saturos, Menardi, or Agatio put him through to *'toughen him up'* for the quest were something he would rather forget. Piers was right, his sister probably missed him, and Sheba was the youngest, barely even a teenager. Maybe just putting aside an hour each day to play their games with them wouldn't be the worst.

"...Arr..." Felix grumbled quietly, in his best Champan impersonation.

Piers laughed and kissed the leader before breaking back into character in full, bellowing pirate slogans he had heard from the Champans around the deck. Sheba and Jenna re-joined them before long.

Felix had to admit... letting loose did feel good. Seeing Jenna and Sheba's joyful gazes and hearing their giddy laughter as he acted as a pirate with Piers was especially heartening.

There you go!
Hope you liked it, gondowan.
Personally, I'm unsure of it, and think it could've
been better.

***Chapter 3*: Skinny Dip**

***Mia skinny dipping with her Djinn!
For johnnyd!***

Sometimes, Mia just needed to get away from it all. She loved the people of Imil dearly, they had always treated her so well, and they were all so nice. During the flu season though, especially in the past few years since Alex's departure, things could often become too much. She was the only one the town could call on for help, and every minute of every day during the winter months was spent at someone's bedside. Whether it was staving off the early symptoms of the flu, or if it was trying to save someone from its advanced stage... Mercury, she hated hearing the desperate, hacking cough as she worked... she was always afraid she would lose someone.

Whenever she could be offered a small blissful time of peace, be it because the flu season was ending, or Megan and Justin were capable of handling any patients for a while, she seized them, relishing the chance to just relax and not have to worry about everyone. She knew, from past experience, that if she got too frazzled or stressed out about trying to keep everyone healthy, that it would benefit no one. She had caught the flu herself because of she had overworked herself, she perishes the thoughts of what would have happened to Imil had Alex still not been there to heal her.

She sneaks away to a small spring, hidden behind the waterfall, she had found with her cousin when she was younger. A spring that, despite the freezing climate of

northern Angara, was always warm. She didn't really understand why, but she didn't care either.

She stripped down, carefully folding each item of clothing and placing it neatly by the edge of the pool, until she was bare. Somehow, despite her nature, she was never embarrassed here. Slowly, she lowered a foot into the waters, testing them. Smiling at the warmth that she felt, she lowered herself in, simply enjoying the feel of the water around her. She didn't know why this spring felt so much more relaxing than a traditional bath, but it did.

Relishing the feeling of the water pooling around her shoulders, she closed her eyes and leaned back, doing all she could to *not* think of Imil and its people for just a few minutes. Imil was all she had. It was a lonely life in a way, surrounded by so many lives that depended on her, but having no one herself. A small blue light disrupts her thoughts.

The familiar form of her new companion, Fizz, stands on the water in front of her. She had only met it a few weeks ago, after the eruption to the south, but already it was a close friend, even if she didn't fully comprehend what a 'Djinn' is.

She holds out her arms to it, as she often does, and the little creature glides along the water into her embrace. Despite Fizz's spiky and scaled appearance, she is very soft. She cuddles the small creature closer, enjoying the contact. She pulls it close, occasionally lifting handfuls of water to pour over the two of them.

Silently, she hopes for a person she could one day hold so close, but for now, as Imil's guardian healer, she is glad to just have Fizz.

***There you go.
Not sure if it's particularly skinny-dipping like you
wanted...***

***Chapter 4*: Dawn**

Dawnshipping for jupitergirl132!

Matthew is not great with words. He much prefers to just stay silent, let his actions speak for themselves. When he is trying to make an action speak for Karis though, all he can do is stay silent, for fear he'll just embarrass himself. He always tries stupid things, trying to get her to see that he likes her. That he has *always* liked her. He has tried to hold her hand more times than he can count, but every time he just ends up too embarrassed to do anything.

He often just sits silently and admires her, hoping that she won't notice. She is so beautiful. Her amazing verdant hair. Her shining purple eyes. Her smile. Her amazing laugh. How intelligent and passionate she was. She was amazing and he loved everything about her, even her flaws. Like when she would get emotional over little things Tyrell might do. Or when she couldn't do something and became stressed and worried. There was something so approachable about her.

None of it was helped by the fact that she had been his best friend his entire life.

Karis is no mind-reader and often she curses this fact. Ivan tells her that the ability to read minds is the curse, but she is not so sure. If she had that power then she wouldn't need to try to analyse everything Matthew did, in the hopes that he may have been implying something.

She was not sure when it happened really, when these feelings came to be. It just... well, it just happened. She had been sitting eating a picnic with him and Tyrell on the cliffs

of the Goma Range. Tyrell had suddenly rushed off to get something from the cabin, leaving her and her blue-eyed friend staring at the majesty of Mt. Aleph.

Without thought or glance, she had reached to pick up one of the sandwiches they had brought. She was surprised to find her fingers tangled together with Matthew's who had somehow managed to reach for the same sandwich. They both blushed and offered to give it up, despite the numerous other sandwiches around. Eventually, after her face was as red as Tyrell's hair, Karis accepted it and took a shy bite.

One day, Matthew asked if he could speak with her. Karis was admittedly worried. The only times Matthew ever needed to talk was when something was serious or he was really worried. He had seemed fine recently, so she was not sure she would particularly like whatever conversation he had in store for her. Regardless she accepted and the two of them went for a walk together alone so as not to be overheard.

Matthew was silent even after they reached their destination, the cave that overlooked the Tanglewood Forest. He stared out over the trees and to the golden glow in the distance. Karis reached out a gentle hand, and touched his shoulder, letting him know that whatever was wrong would be alright.

Matthew turned and smiled a small smile to his friend, *"I'm... not the best with talking... about things."* He started off slowly.

Karis held off the urge to give a little laugh at the obvious truth.

"So... I want... to show you." He continued shyly, his cheeks reddening with every word.

Karis tilted her head to the side in question, *"Show me wha-"*

Seizing his chance, the young Venus Adept placed a very quick and very chaste kiss against Karis' lips. The green haired girl remained frozen with her sentenced unfinished for a few moments, trying to process if that *had* just happened. She blinked once, focus returning to her, and then again to make sure she was not dreaming.

Matthew's face was almost completely red. Karis smiled at how cute he was, wrapped her arms around his shoulders and kissed him again.

Matthew never struggled to show his love for her after that day.

Hope you like it!
Oh, and I was going to do one on your story, but I
couldn't think of what to do really. Chances are I
would have shipped someone.
If you have anything particular in mind, I'd be more
than happy to do it.

***Chapter 5*: Ice**

Veriti x Ice Queen for pumpkinspicedjinnitreats!

Veriti knows why she comes back time after time. It is not because she enjoys it, or because she loves her. It is because her touch reminds the Ayuthayan princess of *his* touch. It is cold, hers literally *his* figuratively, it has a mastery of powers she could never hope to understand. Behind the cold, the mask, there is a longing though. The very same as *his*. A longing to be admired, revered, yet they wish to be loved all the same, like any man or woman.

The first time had been sheer chance. A monk stumbled into Ayuthay's halls. He was clearly worn out, seeming older than should be natural, but it was as though something had drained his strength. As she and others cared for the monk, Veriti discovered the small jewel in his possession. It seemed to call to her, begging her to hold it close and let it be free of the monk.

She had taken it, and that night had released whatever was in it. From that night on, she could not resist. It was just so like *he* had been.

The Ice Queen's freezing blue hands touch her again, caressing her in the same way *he* had so long ago. She sees him whenever they're together. His piercing blue eye, his handsome face hidden behind a mask, his pale skin, the long, luxurious aqua hair that spilled over the two of them as they lay together, his lips so often curved in a smirk. The Ice Queen is much the same, but so much more commanding.

She holds her, brings her close, and uses her. Veriti is but a toy for her pleasure, and they both know it. Yet, Veriti cannot stay away. She loves the familiarity, to feel the touch again, even if it's not his. It's so similar, and it reminds her of that amazing night. She misses him, she misses him so much.

The Ice Queen tells her that the longing for the man was foolish. That men were greedy, too prideful for their own good, made to be hated, scorned, made to serve women, made to serve *her*. Veriti did not agree. No one was made to be served, and if anyone was greedy or prideful it was the blue-skinned queen. She never voiced these objections. To her everyone was equal. And she loved the man. She had gifted her young Amiti, her precious child.

A part of her hated herself for seeking out this familiarity so often, but she just can't help it.

She misses him.

She knows he will never return. That he was gone forever, that he would never know he had a son. Somehow though, the Ice Queen's touch let's her believe that he will. That he will come back to her.

She never even knew his name.

Have to say this was a tad difficult to do, seeing as I'm not too familiar with DD, and Veriti isn't even a character as such.

Anyway, I gave it a go, and I hope you like it!

***Chapter 6*: Swords**

Matthew x Sol Blade crack for randomoldfart

"Matt, please, stop. You're creeping us out." Tyrell said again, swallowing as he and Karis trailed behind the... troubled Venus Adept.

"God! Why can't you just accept our love, huh!?" Matthew screamed out loud, clutching the object of his affection closer.

Karis leaned in a bit to place her hand on Matthew's shoulder, only to have it knocked away, *"Cause it's... it's not right. You're a human and..."*

"Why do you have to judge everything!?" Mathew shouted at them, *"Our love is beautiful and pure. Much better than you two just having sex the entire time when you're not even married, let alone going out! Gods, you make me sick!"*

The two friends glanced at each other, turning a deep shade of crimson both for embarrassment and the thoughts they were having right now. Tyrell shook his head, shaking away any thoughts. Right now they were dealing with Matthew's problem. His and Karis' problem... wait, that wasn't a problem anyway! Well, they'd deal with the situation later.

"We think you're just... rebounding with..."

"What? Because of Sveta? Y-Yeah right! She has a kingdom to rule... I understand... besides I love Sol-by!"

Tyrell cringed at the name he had given the Sol Blade, even more when he affectionately kissed the golden blade. Just then a great booming voice appeared from the heavens, accompanied by a man dropping from the sky.

"Harlot! I knew I would find you here!" He roared.

"U-uncle Felix!?" Matthew spluttered.

"You run away from home, and then court my nephew!? Did my touch mean nothing to you?" The legendary Venus Adept yelled, struggling to pull the blade from Matthew.

The two quickly ended up in a brawl, the sword switching hands every second or so as they tried to wrestle their... romantic companion back into their own arms. Next Tyrell knew, the blade had been thrown from both of them and was stabbed straight through his chest. He quickly cursed Matthew and Felix, especially after their first words at the sight were that they angry at him for stealing the blade's love from them.

Tyrell awoke sweating from the... interesting dream he had just had.

"I have got to stop eating those things from Ayuthay." He mumbled to himself, dropping back into his pillow.

"Hey, Tyrell!" Matthew called from the ladder leading to their room in the Lookout Cabin.

Tyrell turned, trying not to picture the dream again when he saw his blonde friend walking over to him.

"Hey, man, what's up?"

"C'mon, I'm finally gonna introduce her to dad and Gareth." Matthew said, *"Wait till you see how surprised they'll be, they didn't even know I had a girlfriend let alone one like her."*

Immediately the images of the dream flooded back into his mind, namely the image of Matthew kissing the Sol Blade.

"I think they'll like her. I mean, she's strong, fast, and really helped us out in those last battles. Plus, she can really tear up things."

Tyrell was genuinely worried, he knew Matthew had to have been talking about Sveta, but all those things could just as easily refer to the blade they had found in Apollo Sanctum.

"So, c'mon, get up!" Matthew said, grabbing Tyrell's shoulders and half dragging him out of his bed, letting him collapse on the floor.

"O-okay." Tyrell replied.

He followed the Venus Adept back upstairs to where the two elderly Adepts sat, eagerly awaiting whatever news Matthew had told them he had. Tyrell became even more nervous when he saw Matthew pick up the sheathed Sol Blade from the table and hold it close to him. The way he was rubbing the pommel didn't make him feel any better either.

"Dad, Gareth... dunno how to tell you this... but..." Matthew said, gripping the handle tighter, feeling the grip in his grasp. Every move Tyrell just saw something... so wrong about it all. He was really praying that he was talking about Sveta when he said girlfriend.

"I have a girlfriend."

The way Matthew's grip tightened around the handle, and how he moved one hand to hold the edge of the sword, did little to alleviate Tyrell's worries.

"And here she is!"

"Dude, don't!" Tyrell yelled as Matthew reached for the door, whilst slinging the sword over his back.

The three men all looked at the now incredibly red-face Mars Adept. He had just seen one of Sveta's ears through the small window in the door, but he had thought Matthew was flourishing the Sol Blade to introduce it.

"Umm... I mean..." He said, gesturing back toward the door, *"...do your thing."*

Everyone returned focus to Matthew, who revealed the young beast-queen standing with a large smile on the other side.

A collective sigh was breathed by the two parents.

"We thought you were with the Sol Blade!" They yelled, disappointed, resulting in a crying Matthew and Sveta.

Matthew awoke with a cold sweat next to the beast-girl following the firing of the Apollo Lens. This quest had really messed with his head.

***There you go. Strange Sol Blade love and dreams.
I dunno...***

***Chapter 7*: Chapter 7**

Pseudo Mudshipping angst because of Jenna for CreationsGoneAwry!

Isaac knows he shouldn't look. That he shouldn't think like that. But he can't help it. Every time she enters the room, his eyes are drawn to her and he just can't tear them away. She is so beautiful and he just can't help but look at her, and want to hold her close and kiss her, and be with her.

But... he knows he can't.

He made solemn vows when he was younger. He swore his heart to Jenna. To the fiery redhead he had grown up with. To the passionate, strong woman he was now racing across Weyard to save. He loved Jenna... he desperately wished to see her again. To hug her like the old days, hold her close and let her know everything would be alright, that the world was safe.

But then Mia would pass by him again.

And oh, how it tormented him. She would smile at him, looking at him with those amazing blue eyes. She would hug him and reassure him when he felt down, when he worried about his friends. Her touch was so comforting, it just brought him to a darker place, knowing he could never have her touch forever.

Jenna's arms were where he belonged.

Mia knows that he cannot be with him. She knows he belongs to the red-haired girl she's hear so many stories about. She knows how much Isaac loves her, she can see it every time he speaks of her. She can practically feel the love he has for this faceless girl she knows nothing of.

But... that is because she knows not all of his love is for her alone.

She's promised though, that she would never hurt him. She knows that if she tried to have a relationship with him, that it would hurt him more than anything else. She doesn't want to hurt him. She wants him to be happy, to be loved. Even if she is not the one to love him. He made a promise when he was younger, and she did not want him to break it.

But occasionally, she would.

When he would hug her to thank her. Or when they laughed together over the campfire. When Ivan and Garet had fallen asleep and they would spend the night stargazing, perhaps telling stories to each other or their hopes for the future. At those times, she wished he would break his promise, that he would be with her instead of the red-headed girl.

She wished she could just hold him, knowing she would never have to let go.

When the time came, and Jenna was back in his life, three things happened.

Jenna ran into Isaac's arms, holding him so tight, promising to never let him go.

Isaac shut his eyes tight as he returned the hug, picturing Mia.

Mia turned away from the scene, wishing she was in Jenna's place.

Hope you like it, Creations!
Is this even angsty?

***Chapter 8*: Chapter 8**

***Cute Spiritshipping fluff requested by
HarmonyBenderFreak!***

Matthew loves moments like these. He always relishes them. It's always so quiet and peaceful and it gives him time to fully appreciate the beautiful woman that is his wife. Currently, she's sleeping against him, purring in her sleep. Matthew still doesn't know how he was so lucky to find a woman like Sveta who loved him so, what he had done to deserve getting to be with someone like her.

He gently strokes her lavender fur, always loving the feeling of the fur on his fingers, and he knew how Sveta loves it too. He places a gentle kiss on her forehead. His hand eventually finds its way to her belly, which had grown considerably in the last few months. He gently caressed his wife, so happy to know that they had created a life, and in but a few months he would be holding it in his arms. He teared up from imagining his baby's first words, its first steps, its first Full Moon. Smiling at all the wonderful thoughts of being a father, he looks at his wife's sleeping face, silently thanking her.

He winds up thinking back on their quest as he admires her. He thought of how they first met in the Teppe Ruins, how he had chased her and she had guided them forward. How she offered her help to allow them to reach Morgal, and how quickly she had disappeared from their lives afterward.

Matthew remembered what he felt when she left. Back then, he wasn't sure why. They hadn't even travelled together for more than an hour or two, but he knows now that he missed

her presence. He remembered the joy that had filled him when they reunited, and the pain when he realised he had helped doom her home and its people. A pain only made worse when he saw her tears that first night on Eoleo's ship as they fled.

Over the weeks together, he had grown closer and closer to the girl, never treating her as anything different. To him, she was a friend and great companion, and he could see how happy that made her. All the others treated her with respect or curiosity for her station and race, Matthew never did.

Then, they had shared souls, within an instant they were more in touch with one another than anyone could ever be. They knew everything about the other. It was not like Sveta's Spirit Sense, which they had used and shared several times over the course of their journey. That only offered thoughts, musings of the moment, but the joining, it offered everything at once. Every thought, every image, every feeling. All of it together.

Though, that is not to say that is why he felt the need to be with her. He had felt a deep love for her before that moment, it was just he knew she shared the same feelings then. It made it easier to talk about in a way, yet, was a difficult subject to bring up.

He was glad he did.

Because he did not want to imagine a world where he had not. A world where he was not lying in bed, with the beautiful and amazing woman cuddling next to him. A world where they had not married. A world where they had never made love.

He did not want to imagine a world where she was not currently carrying his child.

Because he loves her.

With that thought, Matthew cuddles closer to his wife, and slips into a peaceful slumber, no doubt filled with images of his wife, his unborn child, and him enjoying their lives together.

Well... what did you think?

***Chapter 9*: Chapter 9**

Isaac/Matthew father/son drabble for Guest!

Matthew stumbled from the blow, falling flat on his back for the third time in the past hour, and found his father's training blade pointed at his throat. He grumbled as Isaac looked down at him expressionlessly. His father brought the sword away, walked a short distance and faced Matthew again.

"Again." He ordered.

Matthew rubbed his likely bruised arm as he struggled to stand back up. It felt like they had been training for days now, even though he knew it had only been an hour. His father wouldn't accept a break either. The only way the training session would end is when Matthew beat his father, which had yet to happen, or when his father tired, which rarely happened. For an old man, he sure could move.

His legs shook as he readied himself, bringing his sword up to prepare for his father's vicious assault. No matter what he could do he could just not hold him off. Isaac charged. Matthew swung his sword at his father, knowing it to be foolish, but having nothing else to do. All he could hope was to stall for time

Isaac fixed his gaze coldly on Matthew's as he blocked his son's swings. Neither of them had ever received formal training in sword fighting, rather they had developed their own style through battles that had been forced upon them. Matthew had certainly developed a unique style over the past year.

Their training dragged on. Matthew had long since become tired, and Isaac's breathing was only slightly heavier than it had been when they started. His own lungs flared like fire with each breath and he found it near impossible to move his heavy limbs. It didn't take long for Isaac to overpower him and knock him to a position in which he would be killed in the next moment. Isaac pressed the point of the blunt blade into his neck.

"You need more practice." Isaac said.

Matthew grumbled, knocking the blade away from his throat. He didn't understand why he had to learn all of this. Weyard was safe from any threat. All of the Warriors of Vale were alive and active, and more powerful than any other Adept. He didn't know why he would ever be needed.

Isaac crouched down beside his son, obviously seeing the frustration carved into his face.

"I'm sorry I push you so hard." He said simply, his Psynergy pulsing as he worked several Potent Cures through Matthew's body, *"But Weyard will always need protectors, and I want you to be ready."*

"You weren't." Matthew responded, though he wasn't sure what he was trying to say in that statement.

"Exactly." His father nodded, *"In the early months of my quest, I spent many days in as bad a condition as you are now, perhaps worse. The battle I fought atop Mercury Lighthouse almost killed me I was so unprepared, it almost killed Garet, and Ivan and Mia too. Our opponent was fierce, skilled, powerful."*

Saturos. Matthew's mind played, remembering the name from the stories he had heard.

"I want you to be safe. A time may come when I cannot be there, I want you to be able to fight, and I want to be comfortable in the knowledge that you can." His father's eyes, the eyes he had inherited from Dora, Matthew's grandmother, shone with such emotion, *"I'm afraid, Matthew. I don't want you hurt."*

"Dad..." Matthew said weakly.

Isaac pulled his son into a hug. Matthew did not finish whatever words he had been meaning to say. He simply wrapped a bruised arm around his father.

"I love you, Matthew."

"I love you too, Dad." Matthew responded.

He heard his father sniff, and the realisation struck him harder than ever blow he had ever received during training. His father was crying. He had never heard his father cry. He had never heard stories of his father crying. Not even from Garet or Ivan, who took great joy in embarrassing him.

"I'll be okay, Dad."

"I know, son." Isaac nodded against him, *"But a parent worries."* A small chuckle rocked the two of them, *"Especially a parent who saved the world and nearly died every day doing it."*

Matthew let out a weak laugh, unsure if the moment really called for it.

His father pulled out of the hug, smiling to him. He tousled his hair and pulled him back up to stand, *"Let's take a break for now. I think you've trained enough today."*

Matthew smirked and picked back up his training sword, "*No way. I nearly beat you that time.*"

Isaac laughs and draws his blade again.

Matthew doesn't mind sparring anymore. He understands now. And he loves his father, so he wants him to know he'll be safe.

This went through a few revisions before I was happy with it. I figured Isaac probably inherited a bit of the worry Dora got when he left for his quest all those years ago, and when he knew himself how dangerous it was, this option seemed the best to take.

***Chapter 10*: Chapter 10**

Spat between the first antagonist group for anon!

Jenna groaned. Her feet were slowly *killing* her. And with each and every step she was forced to take in the company of the Proxians was pure agony. She was tired, she was hungry, she was sore, she hadn't had the chance to bathe in a week. All in all, she felt like crap.

"Can we please camp for the night?" She whined, asking the same question for the twelfth time in the past hour.

"Silence, girl!" Menardi answered, *"We are but an hour from Mercury Lighthouse. We shall scale that, light it's Beacon and be gone before sunrise."*

"But, I'm dying." She whined, sick of all this travelling she was forced to do. And, despite her brother's advice and wishes, she was not afraid to show it. One of the few joys she got was annoying the hell out of her captors.

"Felix, silence your sister. Now." Saturos ordered, clearly resisting the urge to massage his head from the migraine Jenna had given him.

"She has a point." Felix stated simply, causing the group to come to a stop for the first time in hours. Jenna breathed a deep sigh of relief, plopping down into the snow covered ground to rest her feet for even a few seconds.

"We have been travelling all day and all night. We barely had anything to eat throughout. My sister is unused to such

conditions." Felix said, glancing just momentarily at his sister to flash her a smirk.

Menardi stepped forward, her fingers dancing against the handle of her scythe, *"We do not care, Felix. Prox has no time to waste on a little girl who refuses to grow up."*

"Hey!" Jenna yelled, clearly insulted, but Menardi simply ignored her.

"If she wishes to stop, she is more than free to do so. You however, know that you must accompany us. So either pick your sister up off the ground now. Or leave her here. Either way, we're moving on."

Felix sighed, defeated. He simply nodded, and held his hand out to his sister. Grumbling bitterly, she took it and continued to walk, taking painful step after painful step. Five minutes later she was whining again, just to annoy her captors.

Within half an hour, a welcome sight gave Jenna new reason to intensify her pleas to stop for the night. A small town, which Kraden identified as Imil, sat not too far from Mercury Lighthouse.

"Can we please rest there for the night?" She pleaded, the prospect of a warm bed and a hot meal running rampant through her imagination.

"No." Came the simultaneous answer from Saturos and Menardi.

"Please?"

"No."

"Plea-"

"*Fine!*" Menardi finally yelled, "*YOU may go to the town. But YOU will be the one paying for your room and your meal, understood? We are not accompanying you.*"

"*Probably for the best after all.*" Alex chuckled, having delighted in Jenna's antics for the entire journey, "*I'm not particularly welcome there, and the people of Imil scare easily. Perhaps we should make camp here for the night? I have no doubt whatever Vale sent after us is far behind. They would be as used to travel and battle as she is.*" He said, gesturing to Jenna.

Silently, Jenna thanked the Imilian. She knew he had won over the Proxians when they slumped their shoulders in defeat.

"*Very well.*" Saturos agreed, "*But we leave at the crack of dawn. We expect you back here by then.*" He ordered, glaring directly at Felix.

"*We will be.*" Felix assured, walking off to the snowy hamlet with his sister and the scholar. But not before Alex slipped them a bag of coins to make sure they would be comfortable for the night.

Twenty minutes later, Jenna was giggling madly while she enjoyed some hot soup, Kraden had already retired for the night, and Felix was exploring the town. While he was out, he encountered a young blue-haired girl by the town's waterfall.

Jenna slept cosily for the first time in weeks that night.

Felix stayed up all night, fascinated by the shy healer he had met.

I think this could've been done better. Was gonna go with a more serious tone, but I figured light-hearted would be nicer. So... yeah...

***Chapter 11*: Chapter 11**

Steamshipping for vanillagel!

Garet is no fool. Each and every member of the group knows that. But, Garet can be a colossal idiot when he wants. He is strong yes, and he is sincere, and honest to the core. It is these same qualities, when mixed with his occasional obliviousness or failure to realise a situation, that his foolish side comes out. He may say something at the wrong time, accidentally offending one his friends, or embarrassing them beyond belief, though the chances are he does that just for fun. He'll often charge into battle without first getting to grips with the scope of a battle and be surrounded.

Garet can handle himself in a fight, there is no doubt. He is strong and his Psynergy is powerful. He will fight to the last breath if he has to, never giving any ground. Often times he will become the most injured after a battle, while all the others had barely a scratch. His foolishness often serves as a guard for all of his friends, he keeps them safe. No one is really sure if he's conscious of this.

That is why, no matter how badly he gets hurt, or how much he may be brought to the brink of unconsciousness, Mia never minds staying by his side to heal him. She runs Plys through his body as she holds his hand when he rests. She gently rubs his often muddied and bloody forehead with her hand as he snoozes peacefully. Isaac or Ivan or Jenna often come into the tent or his room to check on him, make sure he was okay, or even offer to watch over him so Mia could get some rest.

The gentle healer always, *always*, politely refuses.

She *wants* to be by Gareth's side when he wakes up. She loves seeing his groggy look as he wakes back up if he was knocked out. She loves the twinkle in his eyes as they finally focus enough to see her. She loves the gentle squeeze Gareth gives when he does, and the silly grin he always flashes her. Her stomach always flutters happily when he smiles at her.

Minutes would pass just like that. There would be gentle squeezing of the hand, smiles, perhaps a few words. Eventually, Gareth would find the strength to sit up. When he did, he would always pull Mia into the warmest hugs she would ever experience. Perhaps it was because he was a Mars Adept, or maybe it was because of his muscled frame. Mia always felt it was because it was *him* giving the hug though.

As he pulled out of the hug, he would smile, brushing a cerulean lock from Mia's eyes before he kissed her.

Often times, the two of them will just remain there, pretending he still needed rest.

Really... all they needed was each other.

And that's all they ever wanted.

***Well, there you go.
Also, I think this is my first Steamship! SO HUZZAH!***

***Chapter 12*: Chapter 12**

Izzyship for TrajectoryOfSimplicity!

Sheba really, really, *really* doesn't want to do the night watch for the ship. It's not that she minds doing the watch, it's that it's the *night* watch and she is *tired*. She pleaded with Felix, begging to give it to someone else, promising to do the morning watch as well as help with hunting, fishing, cleaning, and cooking for the next week if he did.

Felix did not.

The young Laliveran princess is then forced to climb to the crow's nest, shivering because she does not have a cloak. She *hates* the night watch. She especially hates in on night likes *tonight*. She could not see a single star! And the moon was nothing more than a pale grey blob beyond the clouds. Well... at least it wasn't raining.

She curses under her breath and hugs her knees against her chest in some vain effort to keep herself warm. How is she possibly supposed to concentrate on keeping watch when she can't even stop herself shivering? She closes her eyes, trying to will the cold from her, and rubs her exposed skin trying to warm herself up a little. It is not long before she has completely forgotten about her watch and is just trying to stay warm.

She lies down, hoping that the position might be a little more comfortable and warm. She shivers and snuggles against the wall, trying all she can to stay warm. Eventually, the repetition of her motions and thoughts tires her, and the small Laliveran falls asleep in the freezing cold.

Isaac yawns as he wakes for his shift, chuckling as Gareth throws his pillow at him for waking him up. He straps his cloak around his neck and makes his way outside, sparing time to grab a bit of meat to hold him over for an hour or so. He stretches and yawns more as he makes his way up to the crow's nest, absently wondering why he had not been woken by Sheba when she came in, not that it mattered, he was only two minutes late.

As he reached the top, he found his answer. The young blonde was cuddled against one of the boxes on the crow's nest, shivering madly as she slept. His heart immediately went to the girl, so much so that he wasn't even mad or concerned for anything since she had failed to do the watch properly. He simply smiled, unfastened his cloak, exposing himself to the chill night air, and wrapped it around her.

Mere moments later, her shivering stopped and her breathing levelled. Isaac exhaled gladly, making a note to ask her to see Mia later in case she caught a cold. Isaac then returned to his watch, surveying the seas around them for any sign of monsters.

After ten minutes and absolutely nothing but a few seagulls, Isaac became increasingly bored. He listened to Sheba's relaxed breathing all the while. A thought struck him. If Sheba could sleep soundly through her watch, the surely nothing would happen if he did as well, right? On the one hand, he knew he shouldn't think such thoughts and that the watch was important, on the other... he was pretty cold and tired.

Five more minutes passed while Isaac muddled over his options before he eventually decided to join Sheba for a quick nap. Just a ten minute one. He didn't want to be found

sleeping like Sheba had been. Taking a seat beside her, holding his sword across his lap just in case, Isaac yawns, leans back and slowly dozes off.

Sheba awakes with a frightened shock when she realises that she had forgotten to do her job. She is seconds from bounding to her feet and making sure everyone is okay when she realises she has a blanket of sorts. Somewhat relaxed with the knowledge that someone else had taken up watch while she was out, she placed a hand against the floor to help herself up... only for it to press against something soft.

She looks down, and gasps, but stifles it as quickly as possible. Isaac is gently snoring next to her, and her hand had pressed against his open palm. She giggled inside, he looked so cute like this, plus, now she wouldn't get in as *much* trouble for falling asleep. She blushed a little as she realised it was *his* cloak she was wrapped in. Feeling even more warmed by the kind and cute gesture from the Venus Adept, she slung whatever she could spare of the cloak over his body.

Cuddling up against him, and holding his hand in her own as she did, Sheba placed a quick kiss against Isaac's cheek to thank him.

"I'll help keep you warm too."

She whispered quietly, closing her eyes and nuzzling into his shoulder.

So, Traj. Cute enough? Or do you need more cute? I think we could do with some more cute.

***Chapter 13*: Chapter 13**

Ivan centric story for jaimerubio1994! With hints of windshipping!

Ivan loves finding ways to entertain himself. Whether he is studying something new that fascinates him, coming up with new tricks for his Psynergy, or just doing whatever he can to annoy and tease his friends. He had found a kindred spirit in Garet early on, the two becoming the very bane of Isaac and Mia's existence while they travelled the world together. Their antics made it impossible for either of them to have a normal conversation for any more than five minutes.

Soon though, Ivan became bored with the simplistic things they often had to do. As fun as Garet was, and as useful as he was for a good laugh, he was not the brightest. Ivan longed for some complexity in his schemes, something difficult to make the payoff so much more rewarding.

Months passed, and eventually Ivan found just the partner for this: Sheba.

The girl was just like him, though much more starved for mischief than he was. She had been travelling with Felix after all, and the only partner she had would have been Jenna. Jenna was not often fond of the things Sheba liked to get up to. So when Ivan and Sheba first came together to plot, Jenna was immediately picked as their first target.

The two sat alone in Ivan's room while they planned, stirring up quite a few rumours about the two, despite Isaac saying that they were up to something. Half an hour later, Isaac's

words were proven true as Ivan and Sheba ran to the deck to hide from Jenna, who was screaming angrily from her room. Threat after threat was being shouted out.

Ivan couldn't believe it worked. The first time they try it and it worked.

Sheba had asked if she could try and exchange memories with Jenna using her Mind Read, purely as a distraction. Thankfully Jenna agreed and became entirely focused on the blonde. While they were doing that, Ivan snuck in and subtly implanted several triggers into Jenna's mind, triggers which made her do certain things whenever any particular words were said, particularly words and threats she used often.

The first had caused her to roll on the floor, mewling like a kitten for several seconds. When she recovered from it, she saw Ivan and immediately put the pieces together. She yelled his name, but that too was one of the triggers, which made her remove an item of clothing. It took her several threats to realise this, and she was practically naked by the time Ivan and Sheba had escaped her.

They hadn't even gotten through *half* of what they had suggested for her, but it would be *so* much fun. Especially when they would apologise later and '*promise*' that was all they had done. Mia would be in for a surprise at dinner when Jenna arrived.

The mere thought made the Jupiter Adepts erupt into a chorus of laughter as they continued to run, eventually finding refuge in the crow's nest. There, they tried to stifle their childish giggles, pressing their hands over their mouths. But whenever they heard Jenna shriek another curse or threat, or heard another member of the group yell

in confusion at what the redhead was doing, their laughter broke out of them again, reaching to the heavens.

In between breaths, clutching his sides as he ended up rolling on the floor, Ivan caught Sheba's eye. Oh, he would have so much fun with this new partner.

Two months later, the two found themselves locked in a very small box together as punishment for many of the things they had done. As uncomfortable as it was cramped together like this, Ivan didn't mind. He had spent a lot of time alone with Sheba, and grown to really enjoy her company.

Besides, this gave them more time to plot their *revenge* for this completely unwarranted punishment.

***Not sure on this. Could probably do better given time. I dunno.
What do you think?***

***Chapter 14*: Chapter 14**

Cute Valeshipping for Minuit Chanson 17!

Little Isaac and Jenna love to hold hands. Kyle doesn't think he's seen the children *not* clinging to one another for more than ten seconds whenever they're together. He watches them jump around and play in the room, falling over on occasion. He knows he never has to go to help get them back on their feet. Sure enough, not moments after that thought, the two little Adepts fall over as they laugh.

Jenna stands up first, proudly saying she's the greatest, and then offers her hand to Isaac who is still struggling to totter back onto his feet. Isaac's tiny hands grab onto Jenna's similarly small one, and with a great heave Jenna pulls Isaac back up. The two quickly hug and then run off to continue whatever games they were playing before their little stumble.

Kyle smiles, squeezing Dora's hand in his own.

Jenna struggles not to cry, but the tears come all the same. Her parents are gone. Her brother is gone. She is alone. She bites her quivering lip, so tired of crying. She just wants it to be over. She wants to close her eyes, then open them and find herself in her bed making all of this a dream. No matter how she tries though, she just cannot break from this sadness.

A warmth slips into her hand without word. She shakes her head, not wanting Isaac to see her like this. Her hand is squeezed gently, a thumb massages its back slowly. Jenna

breaks. She whirls around and buries her head into Isaac's shoulder, praying for it all to be gone.

Isaac simply squeezes her hand tighter, pulling her closer with his free arm. He may have lost a father, but he was not going to lose the Jenna he loved.

Isaac and Jenna nod to each other, smirking in a strange mix of excitement and fear. A strange blue portal within the depths of Sol Sanctum has opened, all they have to do is step through. Taking a deep breath, the two clasp hands and jump through the portal together.

Their hands remained joined as they marvel at the chamber they have entered and at the theories Kraden spouts. Their hands separate when Kraden asks Isaac to retrieve the Stars. He doesn't want Jenna hurt, so he let's go.

Then, the thieves come, and Jenna is stolen away from him. The last he sees is Jenna calling his name as she is dragged through the portal. She reaches out to him, calling his name, screaming for him to be safe. Her hand goes through last.

Isaac curses himself. Had he just held on, known she was strong enough to not be hurt, she would be here now.

Jenna squeezes Isaac's hand tight as she heals him of the wounds Karst and Agatio inflicted upon him. She smiles down at him, several tears breaking through her beautiful wine-red eyes. Isaac isn't sure if she is worried for him or just happy to see him. He smiles, almost laughing as he returns the gesture, stroking her hand with his thumb.

Then, she is gone. The sounds of battle calling her away from his side. His hand is left cold. He struggles back up into

a sitting position against the Lighthouse wall. Ivan is conscious again, Sheba and Kraden have helped Gareth and Mia out of the trap.

He smiles, he knows there is a reason for the Beacons being lit. He saw it in Jenna's eyes, he felt it when she first took his hand, and he knew, Jenna would not fight for something that was wrong, no matter the reason.

Isaac cannot believe they are home after so long. He cannot believe he is returning home with the father he had thought dead, as well as Jenna's parents. He cannot believe everyone survived.

He and Jenna march hand in hand, chatting jovially about Vale with all of their friends, telling them they will bring each of them to all the best places in town.

Felix breaks from the group when they pause at the bottom of a hill near Vale. They all wait, anxious to hear what Felix calls from the hilltop. For the first few moments, he is silent. Jenna calls to him. He answers. Vale is gone.

Isaac, Kyle, and Gareth all rush up the hill, forgetting all else. Their families were in Vale. They could not have lost them now after all they had been through. Isaac curses, his fists balling up in his mix of rage and sadness.

Jenna comes to his side, and gently opens his hand to allow hers to slide into it. She squeezes it so tight, just as he had done to his all those years ago. It helped.

Calls from behind them surprise Isaac. He turns to find his mother smiling. Jenna releases his hand to allow him to run and embrace her with his father. She smiles as the family is reunited, before jumping on her brother's back.

That night, Isaac promises never to leave Jenna again. He tells her how much it hurt him to see her taken away so long ago in Sol Sanctum. They hold hands as he speaks, and they do not let go even as they share their first kiss.

Jenna's lip quivered, her eyes shining as Isaac slipped the ring onto her finger. He massages the back of her hand for just a moment before turning back to the Great Healer of New Vale. Their hands remained interlocked. Behind them and to their sides they could hear several for their friends and family crying.

The two promised to always be there for each other, no matter what. Promised their love was undying. Their hands pressed together between their chests as they kissed for the first time as a married couple. They ran down the aisle hand in hand.

Jenna screamed, clutching Isaac's hand in a vice-grip as another contraction ripped through her. Isaac held on, squeezing back reassuringly, telling her she was doing great, that he was so proud. A great sigh echoed through the room with the sounds of crying from their new-born son. Mia passed the baby to Jenna smiling joyously before excusing herself so the parents could enjoy their child's first moments.

Jenna squeezed Isaac's hand lovingly again. Isaac returned the gesture and reached toward little baby Matthew.

His son gripped onto his finger with both hands, and squeezed so tight, like he would never let go.

He had inherited so much from his parents.

Isaac and Jenna cuddled together, kissing once, tears being happily shed. They had a child.

***I honestly got really into writing this one, which is
why it's not just cute throughout.
I really liked writing it.***

***Chapter 15*: Chapter 15**

***Valentines Day and Karis gets asked by both Tyrell
and Matthew!
For Awesome!***

Karis sighed happily. Today was Venus' day, which was an annual day to celebrate love and romance. All of Kalay was decorated in red and pink, with hearts everywhere. Every corner was filled with peddlers selling off chocolates, and trinkets, and teddy bears, and flowers, and jewellery and cards, and all manner of things to give to a significant other. Frankly she was glad to be away from it all.

She was definitely glad to be away from all the boys she went to school with asking her to be their date for the day. She was interested in absolutely none of them. Sure, some were good looking, but they were all about as interesting as a piece of cardboard. At least, she was happy in the knowledge that being at the Lookout cabin for a week meant she was safe. Matthew and Tyrell were *far* too close to her to want to do anything like that. They were like her *brothers*!

Well... not really. She wasn't exactly opposed to the idea of either of them. Or at times, thoughts of both of them.

That is why, when she opens the door and tries to announce her arrival she has to immediately shut herself up. Both Matthew and Tyrell are arguing each other, both boys holding an equally large bouquet of flowers, boxes of chocolate, and cards with her name on them.

"No way! I loved her first!"

"Yeah, right! Dude, you barely even talk! We have chemistry!"

"You mean how you do something stupid and she yells at you? Yeah, real smooth."

"Just like a normal couple would!"

"WHAT IS GOING ON!?" Karis yelled over the bickering boys arguments.

The two boys turned red at the moment they realised she was there, and were practically on top of her before she could say anything else. Gods, the smell of the flowers was about to knock her out.

"Karis! Karis! Pick me! You know I'll be the best boyfriend ever!"

"No, Karis! Pick me! Matt's no fun! C'mon we're so much more dynamic!"

"Stop!" She yelled again, as they devolved into arguing with each other.

The two boys looked up at her with puppy dog eyes, begging for an answer. Karis sighed, she supposed she had to give them an answer.

1:

"Listen, guys, I don't want a relationship or anything." She said simply.

The two boys looked heartbroken, and she didn't really want to hurt them.

"Right now. Some day, maybe, but right now I don't want a boyfriend or anything. I don't want to be one of those girls who feels like she needs a boyfriend to feel good, because I'm not. Someday, when I'm ready and when I find it properly, then yes, it may be one of you, but for now, no."

The two boys cried, dropping their various gifts and hugging each other close. Crying into each other's arms. Karis cringed, sneaking past them, just wanting to sleep a bit after tonight. She honestly was not sure about those two and their orientation sometimes. Then again... she had heard similar things about Isaac and Garet. Probably explained why they lived alone miles from their wives after all.

2:

"Matthew!" She exclaimed joyously, pushing Tyrell over and jumping into the Venus Adept's arms.

"Yes!" Matthew exclaimed, sharing his first kiss with the young Jupiter Adept.

Tyrell cried on the floor tearing up and burning the gifts he had bought. Matthew then kicked him for nearly burning down the house. Karis then made out with Matthew on top of Tyrell's unconscious body.

3:

"Tyrell!" She said, glomping the Mars Adept and knocking Matthew down the small stairs into the living room.

"But I love you!" Matthew cried.

Tyrell fired off a flame at Matthew for his objections, setting fire to his hair. Matthew ran around screaming and crying

from pain and heartbreak, succeeding in burning down the roof in the process.

As Karis and Tyrell made out, they heard Matthew cry from no being bald, and from being given out to for setting fire to Isaac's beloved roof.

4:

Karis pushed them both to the side, knocking them both over without care as a third suitor entered her view. She ran to him and embraced him and pulled him close.

"*DAD!?*" Matthew shouted, horrified as his father cheated on his mother with the girl he loved.

Isaac simply cast Move and pushed his son and Tyrell out the door as he picked up Karis and carried her to his room.

"*What's going on?*" Gareth asked as he was hit by his son, Matthew and an array of pink and flowery things.

"*Dad-!*" Matthew began, but Gareth had already reached his answer.

"*Ah, Isaac at it again, eh? C'mon boys, I'll take you to a Tolbian brothel!*"

"YAY!"

And so everyone was happy.

And horny.

***Yeah, I gave you multiple endings.
Mainly because I had no idea how to end it.
*shrugs****

***Chapter 16*: Chapter 16**

Piers x Hama for sw087!

Piers is bored. There is no other way to say it. Five years following the release of Alchemy, Piers no longer has anything to do.

For a while he stayed with his companions, helping them rebuild Vale and get settled again. The time soon came for him to leave though, the call of his curiosity too great to ignore any longer. He went exploring visiting anywhere in Weyard he had not seen first-hand, getting tours of Mercury Lighthouse from Mia, and of Venus from Sheba. He visited many towns and drank deep of their culture, spoke with the Waelda of Kolima and learned much, studied with Kraden and the alchemists of Tolbi, participated in Colosso, and so much more.

He had revisited anywhere he had been with Felix, being welcomed with open arms, having helped many of them during the quest those years ago. Again, he stayed with them for a time, learning of their heritage, their culture, their way of life. Eventually though, he knew enough and he left. As amazing and interesting as each town was, he just didn't feel comfortable staying in one place too long.

He had lived in Lemuria, confined, for so many years. The chance for freedom, to go where he pleased when he pleased, was too great for him to resist. But after five short years, his wanderlust has faded. He has seen the world twice over. It may have taken five years, but to him that was nothing. He may as well have been imprisoned in Madra just

last week. Years were small amounts of time to a Lemurian, and he did not know how to spend his future.

He had tried to improve relations between Lemuria and the outside world, but his banishment was still semi-imposed. Most efforts were fruitless.

He ended up simply roaming, ending up back in the same places. They might have changed slightly in the few months, but nothing to excite him. The only real joys he got anymore were when he accidentally encountered one of his old companions, usually Ivan on a business trip with his father, or when he received letters via pigeon from them. He often considered settling with them. He loved the sea though, and settling never appealed to him.

Eventually he found himself in Contigo, purely by chance. The town was now booming, trade between it and cities such as Kalay, Tolbi, and even Madra, and Izumo, were especially productive. Many merchants would stop and stay, selling their exotic wares and buying several themselves, bringing increased wealth to the people.

He made his way through the crowds, politely turning down the offers shouted to him as he walked, and found himself at the door to Hama's was not particularly familiar with Ivan's sister, having only met her twice, but a friendly face was a friendly face.

The Jupiter Adept seemed surprised when she found Piers at her door, something he was not sure he had ever heard her being. She could predict the future after all.

She quickly invited him in and sat him down at a table. Within five minutes they were chatting happily about various topics over some herbal tea. She asked him many questions of her family, of his friends, of the rest of the

world. He told stories of each and every topic, asking questions about her, of Contigo, and of her role.

Eventually, the topic arose though.

"*What brings you here though?*" Hama asked, sipping the last of her tea.

Piers sighed, his shoulders sagging a bit with the breath, "*A combination of wanderlust and being lost in life.*" He admitted sadly. He felt rather like a child who did not know what he wanted to do when he grew up. He was lost in a sea of possibilities, and not a single one interested him, "*For one who can live as long as I, I find it difficult to find a... calling. Things do not remain exciting for long.*"

Hama chuckled to herself dryly, "*I can empathise.*" She replied, her small smile falling away.

"*Truly?*" Piers asked, leaning forward.

Hama nodded, "*All my lie, since leaving this home, I was preparing for the day I would return here. I knew what the chain of events were and I knew how they would play out. I had seen them night after night through the years. Then the day came, and it happened exactly as I had seen it. The weeks that followed were filled with worry and fear. I could not see the future, I could not tell if you would succeed, even though I believed.*"

"*Now, with Contigo restored and my role in Weyard's destiny fulfilled I am left feeling... empty.*" She sighed, looking down at the table separating them, "*I am like you. I do not know what to do now. I have ceased using my powers to see the future, for fear it will show me living the same day, every day.*"

Piers actually felt rather guilty. He had come here, purely of boredom, tired of the many wondrous sights the world had to offer. While Hama, stayed in her home, fearing for her future of monotony.

"Perhaps... I have a solution." He said calmly.

Hama's head pulled up, and Piers saw a definite twinkle in her eyes.

"I can assure you, Weyard has many sights you would love to see. And, maybe, company is all I need to bring some excitement back into my life." He smiled, *"So, if you would like, I would be happy to show you the world."* He extended his hand across the table as an invitation.

Hama merely smiled as she took it.

Piers was surprised how accurate he had been. Seeing the world, seeing how interested and amazed the young woman became at things he had come to simply accept, made him enjoy it all over again.

What he liked best though, was how he would find the greatest joy, simply lying on the deck of his ship at night, stargazing with her as they shared stories and memories.

***Were this not constrained by drabble limits, I
probably would have done much better.
I'm happy enough with it, but I know I could improve
on it. what do you think?***

***Chapter 17*: Chapter 17**

A trippy request from TrippyToastersAndABagOfChips.

Isaac hates Gareth's moustache. It had grown pretty much over night and it creeped the hell out of him. He knew it was childish a grown man who had travelled the world and fought countless atrocities to save Weyard was weirded out by a simple mouth-brow. But it just looked... wrong. And it didn't help that Gareth called it his pornstache. Nor did it help that the term had actually caught on in Kalay and now several male escorts were sporting a similar look.

"Can you please shave that thing?" Isaac asks over dinner again, as he did every day since he had grown it a month ago.

Gareth rolled his eyes, exhaling through his nose, causing the mouth hairs to rustle... it looked almost evil, *"No. Stop asking."*

"Please?"

"You shave your beard."

"There's nothing wrong with my beard!" Isaac counters.

"And what's wrong with my pornstache then!?" Gareth inquires heatedly.

"That for one." Isaac says, referring to the name, *"And the fact that I don't even think you grew it, I think it came along and just planted itself in your face."*

"That's stupid." Gareth argued, "I grew it overnight. Stopped shaving there, you know?"

Isaac sighs, falling back into his chair and sulkily picking at his food. He knew there was no chance that he would ever get rid of that thing on his face any time soon.

That night, Isaac could not sleep. He tossed and turn, images of that crimson patch of mouth fuzz flashing through his mind's eye. He gasped and his eyes shot open, as he imagined a moustache growing over his own lip. He froze as he saw Gareth hovering over him, his fuzzy lip inched from his face.

"Hello, Isaac."

Isaac's heart leapt into his throat when Gareth's lips did not move, but the centre of that fuzz patch did instead.

"I have grown tired of your efforts to separate Gareth and I."

Isaac tried to jump up and get away, but Gareth's arms pinned him down. Then a shiny glint appeared from the fuzz, revealing a small blade.

"Goodbye, Isaac." Isaac shut his eyes, thinking of his wife and his young son.

"NO!" A clash of steel echoed through the room.

Isaac opened his eyes, to find a similar blade jutting from his chin... his beard.

"You shall not claim another life, Stache-ous!"

"Damn you, Beardio!"

Isaac could only watch in a mix of horror, confusion and semi-disgust as his beard dethatched from his face, as did Gareth's moustache from his and began sword-fighting. Gareth collapsed atop him, still snoring like a fool while the hair fought around the room, bouncing from one side to the other. Isaac pushed Gareth off of him to watch the battle unfold.

Tiny strands of hair were around the room, obviously where their tiny blades had nearly cut them. Isaac jumped forward and pinned down the crimson line of fur, and his beard sliced the thing in half. A dying scream echoed around the room.

"Thank you, Isaac." His beard said, "I have tracked this evil through the ages, now I can finally rest."

Isaac just silently questioned it, his face contorted in confusion. His beard fell to the ground, silent, before magically reattaching itself to his face. Uncaring about what the hell just happened, he swept the remains of the moustache into a bucket and tossed it out into the volcanic range the Lookout Cabin overlooked.

He carried Gareth back to his room, dropping him onto his bed before returning to his own bed.

"ISAAC!" Gareth roared the next morning, holding a knife to Isaac's throat, *"WHERE'S MY PORNSTACHE!?"*

Isaac tried his best to explain what had happened, but Gareth believed none of it. So Isaac simply said he shaved him in the night. Gareth broke down and swore to grow another, greater one, just to annoy Isaac.

Isaac felt slightly eased by the fact that he was going to *grow* one. Plus... it wouldn't be evil.

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Maybe he was just really high last night.

Honestly, I have no idea what I was doing when I wrote this. *shrug*

***Chapter 18*: Chapter 18**

Awkwardship at Colosso for Gengajupite!

"Agatio, c'mon!" Sheba giggled excitedly, dragging the larger Proxian by the arm through the crowds of Tolbi, *"It's the finals! I thought you loved watching battles!"*

Agatio sighed, trying not to blush or retaliate as he heard several Tolbians giggle and 'daww' at him as the young blonde girl dragged him around. In spite of himself though, he found himself smiling. He loved being with the cute girl, she was so different from Karst or Menardi... she was fun. Bubbly and exciting.

"Calm down, we won't miss it." He said simply, trying to maintain his gruff exterior as Tolbians continued to glance at him.

"Next year it'll be us in the final, won't it?" She laughed, *"I'll beat your ass down."*

"Just try it, squirt." He challenged, stopping in his tracks, forcing Sheba to stop as well, unable to drag his weight anywhere.

"Agatio!" She whined.

He chuckled to himself, allowing himself to be pulled along again and into the Colosso stadium to watch the final combatants race to the finish. The excitement in the crowd was palpable, but it was harsh as well. The crowd jostled and bumped off each other, trying to get closer to the front to view everything.

This angered Agatio as it resulted in Sheba being knocked around by people much larger than her. She didn't really mind though, she pushed back with just as much strength because she was tenacious. Agatio didn't care how tough she was though, he lifted her up onto his shoulder so she could see everything no matter what. She giggled, ruffling his white hair and thanked him, even though some other behind them complained, there was nothing they could do.

Cheers signalled the beginning of the event and the two of them glanced back and forth as they watched the two finalists: Kraden and Lunpa.

"C'mon, Lunpa!" Sheba cheered, *"Teach that pervy old man who's boss! Kill him! Win me some money!"* Having been caught up in the festivities, she had of course bet on Kraden being killed, which is a very rare occurrence in Colosso.

The two soon reached the centre stage, Lunpa arriving first and claiming the greater piece of equipment, Kraden being stuck with the simple leather gloves.

The battle soon started and Lunpa was an obvious favourite to win. But Kraden was a cheater and was using potions he had snuck in under his cloak to try and give him powers or hinder the legendary thief. His tricky tactics levelled the playing field for a short time but Lunpa was not easy to beat.

The two spun and clashed blades, punched and kicked the other, Kraden even bit him, having lined his teeth with poison in an effort to win because he was a dirty cheat that no one liked.

The crowd finally erupted into a great cheer as Lunpa plunged his sword through Kraden's chest, killing him and letting him drop to the ground in a bloody heap. At long last

the dirty, pervy, cheating, god-defying, useless old man was dead, and everyone was happy.

"YEAH!" Woohooooo! Way to go, Lunpa!" Sheba cheered, *"Take that, Kraden! You deserve it!"*

Agatio chuckled and lifted the cheering girl into his arms, holding her close as she continued to giggle and recount the battle, sound effects and all, to him. When at last the stadium had cleared and they had finally made their way outside, night had fallen.

"This was great, Agatio!" She beamed happily, a smile that filled the Proxian with warmth he could never get from anything else, *"Do it again sometime, yeah?"* She kissed him on the cheek, and ran off, waving madly to him until she disappeared.

Agatio grumbled at how the girl embarrassed him so, and how stupid he must look for blushing.

Still... he would like to be with her more.

What you expected, bro?

***Chapter 19*: Chapter 19**

Ivan/Isaac for apojiislands!

Ivan does not like when things are loud. He does not like crowds or the annoying buzz of a fly. He does not like it when people shout. He does not like anything that is loud. In battle he can deal with it just fine, his distaste for noise is the last thing on his mind when he is facing the possibility of death.

What he cannot handle though is loud noise at any other time, it gives him the worst headaches, perhaps a side-effect of his Mind Read, perhaps just something he has. This often puts him at odds with Gareth, despite how great a friend he is. Gareth is loud very often, passionate and strong, yes, but loud as result. Often he puts up with it and politely asks him to keep it down, and the Mars Adept complies, understanding.

Mia is much easier. She is quiet. She is gentle. She never raises her voice, not even in battle. Ivan wonders how Gareth can stay so loud in the company of people who are so quiet... perhaps that is exactly *why* he is loud. To contrast, to bring an element of excitement and fun. Gods know they need it.

Isaac though. Isaac is Ivan's favourite person in the world. Unlike anyone Ivan has ever met, Isaac is silent. He quiet when he speaks, be it with passion like Gareth, or gently like Mia, he is always quiet when he speaks. Not only that though, the Venus Adept *rarely* speaks. No one finds it odd that their leader is so often silent, because he is always smiling and always there for them.

But even this silence is not why Ivan favours Isaac so much out of his friends. He favours... no, loves him because Isaac *understands* him. Isaac could tell from the moment they met how his childhood had been, how overwhelming all of the new information he received must have been, and from that first day Isaac has always been there for him.

That is why, at nights when the pressure of the quest is getting to him, or excess of noise has brought on one of his particularly bad headaches, Isaac pulls the young Jupiter Adept into a warm hug and does not let go.

Often they fall asleep together.

Ivan loves waking up any morning to the chirping of birds, or even Garet clumsily knocking something over and waking everyone, to find Isaac next to him.

When he's with him, no noise matters.

Hope you like it, though I really think I could have done better. Not sure though.

***Chapter 20*: Chapter 20**

Night after lemony Spritshipping for HarmonyBenderFreak!

Matthew wakes up groggily. He is *exhausted*. More exhausted than he has ever been in his life. More exhausted than he was during the fierce training sessions with his father, Garet, Tyrell, or Karis. More exhausted than the ordeal at Apollo Lens. More exhausted than everything in his life until this point combined. He pants, wondering how even after falling asleep he is still tired and feels like he had run several triathlons several times over.

He turns his head slightly and memories come swimming back into his head as he sees his new wife, his queen, Sveta, snoozing beside him, contently purring against his shoulder. Her fur is slick and damp with sweat, and ruffled in so many places from where his hands had touched and groped.

Gods, last night had been amazing.

He was not prepared though, for a beastwoman's vitality and stamina. He should have figured in hindsight that once would not be enough. He was almost sure he had passed out at some point half-way through, and was almost sure that Sveta had continued to use him until she was satisfied. Especially judging from the pain around his hips.

He lay back into his pillow, desperately wishing he had something, *anything*, to drink. He was parched. And gods, the *heat* in this room, in the bed was almost unbearable. And the *smell*, the lingering scent of sweat, and... fluids, and sex all of it was heavy in the air, doing little to help the heat.

Yet, he enjoyed it all. It all just reminded him of his first night with his wife, with the woman he loved more than anything no matter what. He sighed slightly, trying to calm his tired body, letting it know that it could rest easy for now.

He turned onto his side to face Sveta, placing a gentle kiss against her nose. She mumbled a little and shifted slightly at the contact, but didn't wake. Matthew smiled, simply admiring her. If he could wake up like this every day for the rest of his life, then there was no doubt that he was the luckiest and happiest man who would ever live. He moved his hand to touch her cheek, gently rubbing the damp fur, before trailing down to her stomach.

Idly, he wondered if last night would result in a child. Truly, he could think of no greater joy. To know that the woman of his dreams might someday allow him to have a child? The very thought brought joyous tears to the young warrior's eyes.

"*Morning.*" Sveta said sleepily, followed by a wide and very cute yawn.

Matthew bit his lip, trying not to cry as he thought of how happy he was, and simply cuddled closer to his wife.

Sveta smiled and held him close. She did not need her Spirit Sense to know what her husband was thinking. She nuzzled her head against him, dreaming of the very same future he was.

Them. Together. As a family. With their children.

Did you like it? I hope so.

***Chapter 21*: Chapter 21**

Sparkshipping for Guest!

Karis hates when Tyrell smiles at her. The smile usually means he has something planned, or he's trying to annoy her, or he's already done something stupid, or he's trying to get forgiveness some easy way, or something. It always works as well. She can't resist that big idiot's stupid smile. She's fine with forgiving him or getting him to fess up, or anything else.

What she is never fine with, is how that smile warms her so. She hates that feeling she gets in her chest, and the butterflies take off, when Tyrell flashes her that signature smile and his bright eyes sparkle. He never seems to smile like that to anyone else and it annoys her so, to know he only smiles like that at her. Why he has to annoy her with it is beyond her understanding, why she has to feel weird about it is even further out of her grasp.

Karis is cute and intelligent, and Tyrell loves that. Most of all, he loves when he gets her to laugh or smile. And she always seems to do one of the two whenever he tells her of one of his schemes or he pretends to tease her and she does so back. Her face lights up, her big, beautiful, purple eyes shimmer some celestial light that seems to be reserved for her. Her mouth spreads wide across her face, even if her eyebrows are furrowed in some attempt to keep up appearances. Best of all her cheeks always light up with the cutest red tinge.

He loves seeing that. It is a different side to her that she doesn't often, and reluctantly when she does, show. She is cute. He's almost sure she knows it too. Best of all, she's cutest when she's trying not to be, and that always seems to happen whenever he's around.

When Karis is badly wounded in battle, and out cold for the remainder of the day, Tyrell is devastated. He does not leave her side, even as Amiti and Rief do what they can to heal her. Nothing is the same, seeing her like this. Seeing her fragile, unable to smile. There is something unnerving about the state of forced peace she is in and Tyrell does not like it. So he sits by her side and talks to her through the night, praying that she will be okay.

He apologises, saying he is sorry for not dodging when he told her to. He apologises for making her dive in the way of the monster's claws. He apologises for hurting her. He makes many promises to her throughout the night, promising to always be by her side, to make sure she was never hurt. He promises to always make sure she is happy, something that he has always done, whether she would agree with that or not.

Tyrell is exhausted when morning comes, having been awake for nearly thirty straight hours, at least half of which were spent in Karis' tent.

When her eyes slowly flutter open, and she groans from the obvious discomfort, Tyrell breaks out into a joyous smile.

"Karis, you're-"

Karis groans as she wakes up, pain still very present in her wounded side. As her blurry vision returns to her, the first thing she registers is Tyrell's large smile. Her insides take off

immediately, especially when she sees the heavy bags around his eyes. He had been up all night beside her, she wasn't sure how she knew, but she did.

"Karis, you're-"

Karis leant up as quickly as her wounded body would allow and shut him up. Waking up like that, knowing he had been looking after her, seeing that smile, it just made her happy. All negative feelings had vanished. She was just so happy he was there, that he was okay as well. Her last thoughts before her injury had been of him and his safety. Perhaps she had always been fighting some emotional attraction to him, and that's what made her angry at his smile.

But now though... nothing made her happier than to see it.

Guest, I have a question. Did you once request a sparkship in a review to my story "Smile"? Because someone did and I had long meant to do it. Either way, I hope you like this one.

***Chapter 22*: Chapter 22**

Prompt from Awesome!

Jenna feels odd suddenly and places her finger down on the word she had stopped on. Slowly, she raises her eyes from her book to find Isaac staring across the table at her, his big blue eyes fixed straight onto her. He is not smiling, he is not frowning, he is not angry, he is entirely expressionless. He is just staring

Staring right at her.

"Yes?" She questions.

Isaac does not respond. He does not convey anything that expresses that he heard her, he just continues to stare.

"*What?*" She asks, a bit more forcefully, already annoyed.

Again, Isaac does nothing but stare.

She sighs, muttering a string of curses under her breath as she returns to her book. She tries to read, but she just cannot focus. She is fully aware of Isaac's gaze on her and it is annoying the *crap* out of her. Fuming, exhaling a strong breath through her nose, she turns back to him.

"*What do you want, Isaac?*" She asks again, more than a little pissed off at this stage.

Again, nothing but a stare.

She groans angrily and turns her chair around, facing away from him and *trying* to get back to reading her book. She

can't even remember what it was about until she starts reading again. She gets through another paragraph before the burning sensation on the back of her head from Isaac's gaze becomes too strong.

She whirls around, "Isaac, I swear to the gods, if you don't tell me what you're doing I'm going to kill everyone on this ship, which will kill everyone on Weyard. What. The hell. Are you. Doing?"

Nothing but a stare.

Jenna is ready to scream, she grits her teeth and buries her face into her arms resisting the urge to punch him or smack her head against the table or burn everything. She glances up at him and his blue eyes pierce right through her own and it drives her crazy.

"That's it!" She exclaims angrily, and it only frustrates her more when Isaac does not respond with anything but that accursed stare.

She leaps across the table and pushes him to the ground, when she still gets no reaction from him, she slaps him, but still nothing, except for a bright red cheek.

An idea comes to her. She quickly brings his face up to hers and presses their lips together, before dropping him back to the floor. She feels so victorious to see that his stupid expressionless smile has changed to one of utter shock and disbelief.

She leans down to his ear, "You ever do that to me again. Not only will I never kiss you again, I'm gonna ruin your entire romantic life."

She proves this by placing a flame covered finger to his lips, burning them slightly.

Satisfied with herself, she stand back up and returns to her book. It is blissfully silent until Isaac's voice breaks the air.

"So, you like me then."

Jenna's cheek burn hotly at the words and she glances up to see Isaac smiling at her.

"Shut up."

"Love you to, Jen." He smirks, blowing her a kiss from his burnt lips.

"I said shut up!" She says, flinging the book at him before chasing him around the common room.

Hope you like it!

***Chapter 23*: Chapter 23**

Ivan/Karis bonding for sw087!

Ivan sits and mulls in his workshop. He has hit an impasse with his work. Surrounding him are many, many, half-finished or failed inventions. The main factor behind their state being either his lack of motivation or the flood of ideas that he is constantly getting and trying to complete. He would be half way through something when another idea comes to him and he would have to leave it to write it down, and just never return to what he had been working on. Or he would realise it was a stupid idea, or impossible, but has just not bothered to take them apart.

His wife and friends have often questioned him about it, telling him he should clean up, but he feels a strange attachment to what he could not accomplish and just cannot get rid of them, no matter how much their presence sometimes annoys or mocks him.

He tries to think of a good idea properly. Not something that just pops into his head, something he put serious thought into and could actually help people. He mulls over various challenges, existing designs which could be improved, inconveniences, and other things. He sighs, balling up yet another list of pointless ideas and throws it onto the building pile.

The workshop bell jingles as the door is opened, and in rushes five year old Karis, who quickly leaps into her father's arms.

"Hey, how's Daddy's favourite little girl?" He asks jubilantly, lifting the growing girl into the air.

Karis giggles several times as she is lifted in the air, *"I cast my very first whirlwind, Daddy!"* She exclaims, shutting her eyes tight in concentration and producing a small spark of Psynergy, which results in a tiny hurricane materialising b his pile of balled up papers, disturbing them.

Ivan beams enthusiastically, *"Wow! That was great! If I didn't know better I would have bet it was aunt Sheba who did that!"*

Karis laughs and smiles happily, grateful for her father's approval. Her attention is quickly distracted by various blueprints on Ivan's desk though, *"What'cha doin', Papa?"*

"Your daddy's trying to think of a new invention to help people. Remember, like the Soarwing I made for Uncle Isaac?" He says, bouncing the young girl in his lap, *"Wanna help me?"*

Karis nods excitedly before settling down and putting on her *'serious thinking face'*. The two sit silently for several minutes, a few expressions of almost ideas being formed happening before falling back.

"Papa, you know that guard? Mr. Jason? The one who lost his legs?" She asks, looking up at her father, who nods back, curious, *"Well... what if he had like... a chair? But with wheels so he could move around?"*

Ivan became still as he thought over the idea. The only word for it really was genius. It was so simple but it would help plenty of people, not just Mr. Jason. Anyone who had legs injured in battle, even if they would heal, it would allow easy

movement while they recovered, or whose legs just started to give out in their old age.

The frame of the chair would probably need additional support for both comfort and to handle the extra weight of the wheels. Perhaps a built in footrest. Basic design would probably require manual labour, but with a little extra tinkering he might be able to work something automated into the device.

"That's brilliant, Karis!" He exclaimed, "Where did Daddy get such a clever girl?"

Karis giggled again, and the two quickly set about drawing up plans for the chair and building it. Karis proved to be very intuitive when she suggested handle on the back, in case the person pushing in the chair got tired.

He had never been so proud of his little girl.

When they finally finished the basic design, they hurried to bring it to Mr. Jason, eager for him to test it. The smile on his face, and the tears in his eyes, as he was finally able to move around after a year stuck in his home, made Ivan so happy to have such a smart daughter.

Someday, he knew, she would go on to do even greater things.

But right now, he just hugged her, and told her over and over how proud of her she was, letting all of Kalay know it was her idea.

There you go! Maybe a wheelchair wasn't the most imaginative thing, sure, but I couldn't think of

inventions.
Anyhoo, hope you like it!

***Chapter 24*: Chapter 24**

Felix/Matthew bonding for Galdri!

"*Felix...*" The tired Jenna says next to a smiling Isaac, "*meet your nephew: Matthew.*"

Reluctantly, the stoic warrior extended his arms to accept the little ball of flesh that was babbling stupid noises. He didn't understand what the big deal was. Yes, he understood that Jenna had always wanted a child and a family, and yes, he understood the concept of a baby being cute, but to him it was just a little... thing, without anything yet. A blank canvas.

He cradled in his arms so as not to anger Jenna or Isaac. He looked down at it. It had a big head for a child, tiny blonde spikes. Seems less of his family had come to this baby. He rocked it gently, as he had seen many mothers do during his lifetime. The baby opened it's big eyes and looked up at him, it's mouth opening wide in a smile and it extended its tiny hands upwards.

Felix looked down at it, into the big blue eyes, so like Isaac's. Behind them, he saw a spark, a light, something he did not fully understand. That is until he lifted his hand to meet the baby's. It grabbed on to his finger with both of its tiny hands and squeezed, and for such a small thing it squeezed so tight.

Felix found himself biting his lip and smiling. He looked down at the baby, at Matthew, his nephew, smiling up at him and squeezing his finger. He felt tears in his eyes, but

he refused to let any of them escape. He didn't understand it. Why was Matthew making him cry? He rarely cried.

He shook his head, laughing at how foolish he must look, and hugged the baby closer, watching as he yawned and slowly drifted into a peaceful slumber. When he did, Felix passed him back to the parents and rushed out, but not before he spared one last glance at the child.

Felix smiles wide as five year old Matthew stumbles as he runs to him. He picks him up and hugs him.

"Matthew, did you miss me?" He asks sarcastically from the way the toddler is hyperactively laughing and bouncing in the hug.

"Where were you this time, Uncle? Did you fight monsters? Find any treasure? Meet other adventurers?" Matthew assaults him with all form of questions to do with Felix's latest trip into the wilderness surrounding Kalay and its changing landscape.

Felix chuckles as he is dragged into the living room where Jenna is sitting watching the doorway expectantly. She smiles and hugs her brother and the three sit down as Matthew continues to beg for details of his *'quest'*.

Felix finally gives, and exaggerates the details, turning a simple battle with an armoured rat into a three hour battle with a legion of monsters, his cursory examination of a cave into one about a sprawling dungeon filled with traps and treasures, and so much more. Matthew is completely attentive to the whole thing, oblivious to the obvious lies, amazed by ever word his uncle tells him.

"And then I rescued the family from the tribe of goblins and we all escaped safely." He finishes finally, having completely turned his exaggerations into a completely fictional story.

Matthew cheers and claps his tiny hands together, still begging for more information.

"I got you a present." He cuts in, when Matthew pauses for a breath.

From beneath his cloak he produces a small training blade and shield, nothing capable of harming anything, but it would be good practice for the adventurer in the making. Matthew literally squeals and runs off with the sword to show Tyrell next door, shouting many, many, thanks to his uncle as he hurries off.

Jenna then asks him to tell the real story of his quest. He gives the bare details, how nothing happened, how small things have changed over the past few years.

"But... I did find several vortexes." He sighs, *"If this is anything like it was ten years ago, the same catastrophe is coming, and we still do not know how to stop it."*

"Isaac is studyi-"

"We're all studying it." Felix cuts in, frustrated. He did not want any husbands to lose their wives like he had ten years ago, *"But I fear the answers are not to be found on Angara, or Gondowan. I think I will leave... search... any answers I find could help."*

Jenna frowns and nods to him, holding her brother close, feeling his pain. No words are said between the two, they just hold each other and let the pain out.

Two weeks later, Felix was all packed, but he made sure to visit Jenna, Isaac, and Matthew first. Matthew as always was ecstatic to see him, thinking he was just ready to go on another great quest. His parents were much more sombre.

"Matthew, I don't know how long I'll be gone." He said, being sure to sit the boy down and explain everything beforehand, "But, I need you to be strong, take care of your mother and father for me." The young blonde nodded slowly, "To help you when, when you're old enough, I'd like you to use this."

Felix produced an old blade, it's metal shine dulled by years of use, the detail in the hilt and scabbard long since worn.

"This was my very first sword, it helped me a lot, and I know it will help you."

Matthew took it with quiet reverence, completely unable to lift the weapon.

"Good luck." Isaac said simply.

Jenna said nothing, she simply hugged him.

Matthew looks out over the Goma Plateau, down into Tanglewood Forest where Tyrell crashed. He grips the blade Felix had given him ten years prior. He had not seen him since then, but with his sword, it felt as though he had been with him every day.

Hope you enjoyed it!

***Chapter 25*: Chapter 25**

Mia/Alex past for TrajectoryOfSimplicity!

Healing is difficult. Many in Imil believe it to be some divine power that requires no effort on the healer's part. They believe they just call upon the power and that is the work done.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

Healing is extremely difficult, especially for two young Imilian healers who have the town's health and future riding on their shoulders. The strain often gets to them. Ply is not as simple as merely casting. It requires focus, locating the source of the sickness or wound or infection before applying Ply to it directly. And the seasonal flu that sweeps Imil is difficult to focus on.

It has built up some form of defence against Ply. It knows not to remain stationary. It moves and it changes in the host's body so that it cannot so easily be flushed out.

Young Mia often struggles with this, even with her father's help. She tries to focus on the source, but as soon as she starts to cast Ply it moves or it changes, and it completely disarms her and she loses it. She tries again, and perhaps gets a little further before losing it again.

Often, the young girl breaks down, unable to handle the pressure of being the sickly town's healer in her future. She does not believe in herself. She does not believe she is capable of meeting the town's need whenever the flu

sweeps through. She cannot handle hearing those sickly and hacking coughs as she tries desperately to cure someone.

Her cousin though. He can. And he is there for her.

He holds her, and reassures her, and helps teach her. She always finds that it is easier when Alex is the one by her side. Sometimes, she thinks he is a better teacher than her parents, maybe because he is dealing with the same challenges and doubts she is.

She improves with his help, finally curing someone of the flu all by herself for the first time. She celebrates, ecstatic and pulls her cousin into a rib-cracking hug for his help. Her parents ruffle her hair and say they are proud, and the patient thanks her, but she is the happiest when Alex hugs her back and *he* tells her he's proud of her.

Then, the horrible day comes. Her parents catch the flu themselves. There is nothing she or Alex can do, and they are forced to watch their guardians and teachers die. Mia cries, she breaks down and is unable to do anything but sob into her cousin's shoulder.

Alex though, he is quiet. He says nothing, does nothing. His actions seem to just be automated as he rubs Mia's back.

It is this day when he changes, when he first says, *"No one is here forever. No one stays the same forever."*

He continues to teach Mia after this day, while he throws himself into learning more, researching, trying to find more effective means of healing, possibly staving off death. He learns Mercury's powers once he had a way, he delves deeper into research about Alchemy. He goes to explore Mercury Lighthouse. He stares out at the peak of Mt. Aleph, which he had read about.

Mia continues to struggle during his extended absences, but grows because she is without help and she needs to. While he is there, she gains a little more clarity, learns a bit more.

It is not long after though, that Alex is finally gone. He left no word, his room was largely untouched. A few pairs of clothing were gone, as well as a map, but that was it.

Mia is alone and she is scared.

Initially, her attempts at healing are spotty at best as she attempts to deal with the loss and care for the new apprentices who have shown some control over her Clan's power. Eventually though, through perseverance and another death of a patient, Mia begins to change. She becomes stronger, calmer and more confident, and she can heal the town's people.

She teaches with care, like Alex used to teach her.

She is no longer the same, perhaps Alex was right. No one stays the same forever. Everyone changes.

Hope you like it, Traj!

***Chapter 26*: Chapter 26**

Artist Sveta or HarmonyBenderFreak!

The Mourning Moon had struck again. It had devastated Angara. If only they knew more about them. If only Isaac could get to Mt. Aleph.

That is why he and Garet are now trekking through the new land of Morgal, quickly becoming a refuge for Beastmen from all across Weyard. He needs to get to the Mountain Roc and acquire one of its feathers. Not an easy task, and one made more difficult by the Beastmen respecting it so. Thankfully, their status as heroes allows for some strings to be pulled and allows them to meet with the king of the Beastmen.

Isaac smiles to his son, whom he is carrying on his back. He had insisted young Matthew see some adventure, despite Jenna's protests. His big bright eyes are wide as he stares around the grand halls of the castle of Belinsk. The king does not meet them in the throne room, a message arrives asking for them to meet in another. Apparently the king does not like to be seen as a king.

Isaac pushes open the door the guards guided him too, greeted by a heart-warming sight. The lavender-furred king is reading to his two children. The larger, his son, is listening with rapt attention, while the little braided girl, no older than Matthew, was glancing back and forth between her father and a piece of parchment scribbling on it after every sentence.

"Ah, Sir Isaac! Sir Gareth!" The king announces. Breaking from his story, prompting his children to look around in wonder and awe.

They quickly greet the king, exchanging a few pleasantries and introductions. Matthew and Tyrell are placed down beside the young princess, who shyly hides behind her father's leg before being eased and urged out by him.

Volechek is asked to look after the children while the three climb to acquire a feather of the Mountain Roc.

Matthew toddles over to Sveta who had retreated to her parchment once her father had left. He looks down at it, Sveta keeps her head resolutely bowed down and out of sight. It's a little drawing. Matthew studies it for a while, before he recognises the person she has drawn, it is his daddy and Uncle Gareth when they were younger, with Uncle Ivan and Aunt Mia as well.

"This is really good." He says matter-of-factly, *"You should make it a book."*

The young princess 'eeps' quietly and glances up, her lavender fur having gained a distinct red tinge, *"It... it is a book..."* She suggests weakly, nodding to the story her father had been reading.

Matthew nods, his lips pursing out in thought, his mommy had the book too. It was about their journey when they were young. It didn't have pictures though.

"Maybe you should draw pictures for all of it!" He says enthusiastically.

The beastgirl's blush deepens, *"Y-you think so?"* She asks, her paw idly tracing over her little scribbles.

Matthew nods more, his tufts of blond hair bouncing along with his big smile, *"Then, people could see it all too! Not everyone knows what daddy looks like."*

Sveta smiles wide, her little cheeks puffing out slightly, pronouncing their embarrassed colour. She quickly picks up her pencil and returns to the drawing, Matthew encouraging her all the while, offering little bits of information and advice he would know.

Isaac returned several hours later with several of the giant bird's feathers. As they entered the room they had left the children in, all three men's jaws dropped to find the floor littered with pictures.

Matthew and Sveta run up to the men happily.

"Daddy, daddy!" The two call out to their respective fathers, *"We're gonna make a picture book!"*

The two hold up several of the drawings Sveta had done for their examination. Isaac chuckled happily as he saw the childish drawing of himself holding a sword high. A quick sentence accompanied each picture, obviously taken from some other source.

The children were applauded, while Garet picked up the lazy and snoozing Tyrell, who had given up on anything fun the moment the other two had taken to drawing. Before Matthew left, the young princess said a quick thank you to him, pecking him on the cheek. He blamed her fur for tickling him and turning his cheeks red. She handed him a picture she had drawn in secret when he was writing the words of the story down.

They left soon after, bright smiles and tired yawns coming from all of them, despite the king's insistence they stay the night.

Ten years later, before Matthew is to leave for a camping trip with his father, he fondly looks at the picture he received in his childhood. It is a picture of him and the Morgal princess. They were holding hands and little love-hearts were drawn around them. Above them were the big words: "Friends: Sveta and Matthew." The 'e's spelt backward in an unbearably cute way.

He softly touched the little drawing of the princess, before he hid it in his dresser lest Tyrell find it.

He would very much like to see his friend again.

Little did he know, that when he returned from the camping trip, Tyrell would set in motion a chain of events that would lead to just that.

You like it?

***Chapter 27*: Chapter 27**

***Younger Sveta spending some special fun bonding time with her father.
Sequel to last chapter.***

Sveta giggled as her father used a claw to cut a thin piece of wood into the shape she had drawn. She handed her picture of Sir Isaac to him, picking up the brush covered in glue and swiping it over the wood. Together, they pressed the parchment down against the wood, holding it tightly for several seconds, paw over paw. When they lifted their padded hands away the picture of the young blonde hero was firmly held to it.

Sveta smiled, tottering over to the empty leather-bound book her father had prepared. She flipped open to the first page, revealing it to have been coloured in all manner of yellows and greens and blues. She beamed proudly at the colours she had created. Carrying it back over, with some difficulty, she handed it up to her father, before scampering up into his lap.

Her father ruffled her braided hair when she plopped down onto his knee, picking up all the little raised drawings they had created. One by one, they stuck each and every drawing onto every page. The king quickly wrote in each section of the book they were recreating, being sure to write it simple enough for children to understand, but still have it keep historical accuracy.

An hour later, the two sat proudly in front of their new book.

"So, what do we call it, my little starlight?" He asked softly.

Sveta pouted for a second, tapping her tiny claw against her chin, "*Umm... S... Gold... Sun... Sun Saga!*" She decided after several moments of mumbling and near ideas.

The king chuckled slightly, it was a good name. His starlight was so smart. With a quick flourish of his quill, he wrote the name she had decided upon on the cover. He added the quick after note of: 'Part I' to it, seeing as they had only reached the point following Mt. Aleph's eruption.

He beamed down at his daughter, who returned it before loosing a very wide yawn. She curled into his lap, nuzzling her head against his stomach, mumbling happy little thoughts. He smiled, gently stroking his daughter's hair. The soft purr from her was quickly lulling him into a similar sleep. Gently pulling his daughter closer, he closed his eyes and dozed off, dreaming of his daughter, and her blonde friend who had inspired her so.

Cute 'nuff?

***Chapter 28*: Chapter 28**

Matthew discovers that Sveta is an artist...and in an unusual way, too.

Yet another artist Sveta drabble sequel for HarmonyBenderFreak!

Matthew loved being with Sveta, especially when she got a chance to get away from her royal duties. She had several hobbies to entertain herself and distract from the pressures of being royalty. She would read, listen to music, meditate, but Matthew's favourite was when she would draw. Sometimes she would visit Kolima forest to draw or paint the scenery, others she would paint from memory, often of Tyrell and Karis and all the others who were on the quest.

Matthew smirked, remembering the little scrawl of the two of them she did when they were children. No matter what she drew, nothing ever seemed more beautiful or great to him than that little drawing.

He wrapped his arms around his girlfriend's waist, kissing her neck before studying the canvas in front of her. There was nothing to it yet, some vague shapes and small notes. She sighed in frustration, leaning back into his embrace gratefully.

"*What's wrong?*" He asked softly, nuzzling his cheek against hers.

"*No inspiration right now.*" She answered flatly.

Matthew paused for a moment, simply enjoying the warmth of Sveta's body, before a devious idea came to his mind.

"Why not draw me?"

"You?" She asked, nearly falling when Matthew let go of her and jumped onto the bed.

By the time Sveta recovered from her near fall, Matt had lay himself down in a suggestive pose and had opened his shirt, his hand slowly sliding down his exposed chest. Sveta blushed, before her breath caught in her throat causing a spluttering of disbelieving coughs. Matthew remained in his position regardless.

"What are you doing?"

With his other hand, Matthew undid his belt, opening his jeans just slightly, *"Draw me like one of your Kolima trees."*

Sveta exhaled several amused, confused breaths, before rolling her eyes, *"You can't be serious."*

Matthew merely winked as he slipped a few fingers into his trousers.

Sveta smirked in spite of herself. A chance to draw was a chance to draw, and with a model as handsome and enticing as the one willingly offer himself now it was hard to turn down. Reluctantly, she picked up a new canvas and took to drawing, starting with his face, leaving out the hair for now.

Every now and then Matthew had a thought of regret pop into his mind, giving how difficult it was to maintain his position. He persevered though, both for the smiling girl behind the canvas and to see himself immortalised as one of Sveta's fantastic arts.

Time ticked by, before Sveta eventually stood up, proudly announcing it was finished. Matthew quickly bounded up,

holding his clothes together as best he could, eager to see the picture of him.

...

It horrified him.

It had his face... and it kind of had his hair... but... he was a tree. A big tree with his face and the leaves were spiky and yellow.

"*W...what?*"

"*You asked me to draw you like one of the trees from Kolima.*" Sveta teased, hooking her arm around his waist, "*And look, there's me!*"

Matthew couldn't help but smile as he finally noticed the little collection of purples and pinks that was a little Sveta curled up against the base of him. He held her closer, laughter slowly building up in him, "*I'mma hot tree.*"

"*You certainly have a nice trunk.*" Sveta purred, tugging one of his hands away from his trousers.

Matthew smirked more, his laughter being caught in the beastgirl's mouth as she kissed him, pushing him back onto the bed.

***Yeaaaahhh... not sure what I was doing here.
And nope. No lemon scene resulting from this. That
comes later.***

***Chapter 29*: Chapter 29**

A quick drabble about Karst for ***shotas-assemble*** on tumblr.

She had been travelling for months. Ever since Alex sent word that her sister and mentor had been defeated by some warrior from Vale. She was determined to seek this man out, to find out what kind of man it took to best the two most powerful warriors that Weyard had seen in eons. She traversed the seas with Agatio, searching high and low, asking every foolish commoner of the man named Isaac. All answers were the same, either an apologetic shake of the head as they denied knowing of him, or one which told her he had been in the town mere days before hand.

Even her old 'friend' Felix and his companions denied any knowledge of him and even tried to conceal the fact that her sister was dead and that they were just conveniently travelling by themselves. She was growing very impatient. VERY. Months on end, sailing, searching for this warrior, every day her image of him becoming more and more exaggerated. Alex told her he was but a boy. But the months without any true image turned him into a statuesque warrior, a wall of muscle and power that not even the combined might of Saturos, Menardi, or Agatio could hope to overcome.

Then, the day finally came, as she ascended Jupiter Lighthouse with Agatio, chasing after the Venus Adept and ready to spring the trap. All the while her heart rate increased, excitement building and her blood boiling. She would finally meet the man who had bested her sister.

As he rounded the corner, karst pushed Agatio aside, preventing him from springing the trap and leapt into the blonde's arms.

"I'm so happy I get to meet you!" She cried, burying her face into his shoulder.

Understandably all but her were confused, especially when she planted a kiss on Isaac's lips, which earned a jealous glare from the blue-haired girl and the scarlet-haired one a floor below.

"My sister said the man who bests her would be the only one worthy of me!" She cried allowed again, hopping up bridal style into his arms.

Isaac decided to go with it, because this crazy chick was pretty hot, and plus, he'd prefer not to have to fight as it seemed had been the original attempt.

And so, all ten of them went on to save Weyard and Isaac lived with his new bride happily ever after.

Also Kraden fell off the Lighthouse and died.

Yeah...

And to anyone waiting on their drabbles, i'm sorry for taking so long, but Christmas and then exams interfered. I'll try to get them done before next Monday. *Try* being the word of note here.

***Chapter 30*: Chapter 30**

Isaac and garet arguing over hair for Awesome

"No way, man! It's definitely me!"

"Dude, you have got to be dreaming!"

"As if! Just look!"

"What the hell are you two arguing about!?" Ivan yelled, his focus broken from Isaac and Gareth's bickering.

"Ivan will decide!" Gareth announced, dragging the man in question away from his newest invention-in-the-making and over to a picture frame that Isaac was holding, *"Ivan, just look!"*

Ivan shook his head, prying his arm out of the moustached man's grip. Isaac stuck out the picture frame, which Ivan took curiously and looked down upon it. It was small painting of the nine of them shortly after the completion of their quest.

"What am I looking at here?" He asked, trying to understand if he was missing some detail they had taken insult to.

"Which of us has the bigger hair?"

"What?"

"Which of us has the bigger hair back then?" The two of them repeated.

Ivan stared at them, completely shocked. Two grown men, heroes to all of Weyard... were arguing... over who had

bigger hair in their youth? What the hell? "Can I ask why the bloody hell you two even give a damn about the state of your hair thirty years ago? Afraid you're going bald?"

"This isn't a joke, Ivan!" Isaac argued, "This is an important matter of pride."

"Exactly. It's a well-known fact that the heroes with the bigger hair are always the better remembered and the ones who get all the ladies." Garet added in, nodding furiously with the blonde leader.

"You two have wives! And children with them at that!" Ivan yelled at them.

"Just answer us. It's me isn't it!? I mean, Isaac's is nowhere near as tall as mine was!"

"But mine went in more directions, it was more unruly and handsome in a heroic kind of way. His was too plain!"

"Guys, I really don't know, this is just stupid. Besides, both Felix and Piers have longer and more heroic hair than you."

"But length doesn't mean anything!"

"Which is bigger!?"

"Kraden's." Ivan answered quickly, pushing the picture back into their hands.

"WHAT!?" The two yelled, immediately taking to bad-mouthing Kraden's cheap weave as Ivan wandered off unnoticed.

"Idiots." He grumbled.

"Sheba! Get in here!"

Sheba groaned, having wondered how long it would take before she was called on.

"You decide! Who had the most beautiful hair, me or Mia?"

"Idiots." She grumbled.

***Yeah... I was gonna do a bit more narration but mostly dialogue seemed to work so there you go. And I did debate quite a bit over what exactly Mia and Jenna would be arguing about... if you catch my meaning.
Hope you like it! (And sorry I'm so slow with these)***

***Chapter 31*: Chapter 31**

Wingfic for sw087!
(Also and unofficial prequel to Destiny Wings)

She was falling, tumbling, screaming. Her quiet calm had broken several moments after her hand had slipped from him, her peaceful acceptance replaced with terror as she spun. She had obviously seen the ground, had obviously imagined the horrible scene of her death upon impact. Maybe she was screaming because she had seen him jump, he didn't really care, all that mattered was that he had to catch her.

If he could catch her, he could save her. He wasn't sure how, but he knew that if he didn't both of them would die.

He straightened himself out, trying to make himself fall faster, to hurry his descent so he could catch Sheba's tumbling form. She was getting closer and closer, her screams clearer and clearer over the whistling rush of the wind in his ears.

Then they stopped.

There were no screams, just the air as he dove toward her and the rustling of his clothes all around him. He thought the worst immediately. Perhaps the fear had taken its toll on her young body, maybe the tumbling had caused internal damage. He told himself she had probably passed out, but the fears rushed at him just as the wind did.

He caught her eventually, wrapping his arms around her fragile frame and holding her closer. He grunted sadly,

trying to hold back his own tears as he looked at the ground below, rushing at him with every moment that passed. He didn't know why he dived, he just did, and now they would both die. Jenna would lose him again, their parents forever trapped in Prox, Weyard slowly crumbling into nothingness.

All for his desperate attempt to save Sheba.

He shook his head, pulling Sheba closer to him. It was a bit late he knew, but he tried to manoeuvre himself so he would be the first to land. Maybe it would soften the blow for her, letting her survive... he knew it wouldn't work.

"I'll protect you. I promise." He whispered, he kept his promises as best he could.

At his words, Psynergy flared around him, powerful Psynergy, stronger anything he had felt since the lighting of Venus' Beacon. He looked down and he saw the sea wash over the land, but it wouldn't matter, colliding with the water would still kill them... just... not as grotesquely. The purple entered his eye, shining and shimmering as it spread further.

He glanced back at the obviously still unconscious girl in his arms to see purple lights gathering and extending from her back. He swallowed, marvelling at the sight, before they formed two shining purple wing-like structures. He gazed at them for a moment, before they flapped. Their momentum was immediately broken, the wings continued to flap and they slowed, still approaching the sea-covered land beneath.

"Sh-Sheba... you..." Felix gasped, becoming even more confused as the girl remained limp and unresponsive in his arms. He gazed back at the wings as they extended outwards, bringing them to a glide. He started laughing slightly, disbelief and adrenaline exhilarating him all in one.

He looked out over the seas as they glided away from Venus Lighthouse, dropping ever closer to the water, and he saw an island... no... Idejima! He grunted in worry, hoping that Jenna and Kraden had made it in time, and that they were okay. He tried his best to steer toward the now drifting island.

It was not long before they impacted the sea, being swallowed by the all-consuming blue. Gasping and spluttering, Felix struggled back to the surface, having hated water since the night of the Boulder, dragging with him a now wingless Sheba. Desperately, he kicked and smashed his arm against the waters surrounding him, trying to find the strength to carry both him and the girl he had sworn to protect to the safety of the floating peninsula.

When at last he finally touched upon the gentle sands of the island, Felix gently stroked the girl's hair before passing out.

***Yeaah. Not great I guess, but hey. *shrug*
And sorry about the lull in updates.
Thanks for reading!***

***Chapter 32*: Chapter 32**

***sw087: Something on the smaller towns after TLA
and wanderer!Felix!***

Alhafra. He doesn't know why he went here. He hated this damn town. Well... he hates the mayor, no, he's fashioned himself as a king now. The city or kingdom as the bloated gasbag seemed to prefer it be called, had expanded to reflect this, and was easily a rival for Kalay in terms of size. And size alone.

The quality left much to be wanted. While the central city, near the oaf's 'castle' the city flourished as any one would expect. Rich nobles, who had paid their way into high society lived lives of luxury and comfort. The less fortunate though, they were left to the hastily constructed slums surrounding it, streets and shacks and crude alleys stretched on like a maze. At least the stores seemed to be stocked with food and goods, so it seemed he wasn't completely holding out on whatever gain he received.

He leaned against the gated wall separating the higher class lives from the lower, watching as caravans laden with food and wares entered hourly, while only sparse wagons remained in the much more populated areas that did not deserve as much because they lacked the gold. It sickened him truly, if he didn't know better he would have killed the man as he had sworn to do twenty years ago.

But, taking him down would only result in another greedy noble taking his place, and all of it would likely effect those in need the most. He sighed, shaking his head in disgust as

he begins to march away from the wall, hopefully never having to return to the city. It shall be its own downfall.

Then, a quake. Felix stumbled from the tremors and the surprise of such a centralised shock. He collapsed to the ground, just in time to see a young girl rush past him, Psynergy ablaze as she grabs his only bag of gold. He grumbled and hurried back to his feet, already prepared for the second quake the young girl had sent his way. Normally he would not have given chase, except for the fact that the bag of gold she had taken was his only one. Besides, he was curious about this young Adept.

She was fast, she had already rounded a corner quite a distance away before he was able to give chase. But, thankfully, Felix could still feel the lingering pulse of her Venus Psynergy in the earth, and could follow her. He gave chase, catching the raven haired girl disappearing around a corner whenever he rounded one. There was always a quake after each one, obviously in an attempt to throw him off.

The chase eventually came to a close as he turned into a dark alley, finding just a few pieces of wood constructed into some form of makeshift shelter. His heart took a dive, he had expected poverty, but nothing like this.

"You shouldn't steal." He said simply, stepping further into the alley.

"How else would I eat?" The small voice returned.

Felix did not have an answer. She was but a child, not much older than his nephew would be. She had no chance of obtaining a job or home in this city. Leaving it would probably result in her being eaten by some monsters.

He sat down a small ways away from the wooden construct, staring at it, *"May I at least have some of my gold back?"* He asked, producing an apple and some bread from under his cloak. Idly, he remembered when Jenna had offered the young boy bread in this very city all those years ago.

The girl's eyes peeked around the corner of her home, narrowing cautiously as she saw him with food. Slowly, she stepped out, her bare feet sinking into the dirt and mud of the alley as she gently gripped a small dagger. Felix smirked a little, she was clever at least. He took in her rag-covered form, his mind returning to his time in Prox when he was wrapped in the many discarded mismatched cloaks of Proxians to defend against the blizzards.

"Where are your parents? Guardians?" He questioned as she slowly approached, each step followed by a pause as she reassessed the situation.

She didn't answer, but Felix could clearly see the answer in her eyes. Rather than dwell on it anymore, he extended the apple out to the girl.

"You're aware you're an Adept, then?" He asked as she warily took the apple from his open palm. She nodded her affirmation, taking a bite of the succulent fruit and sitting down cross-legged in front of him, *"I'm rather impressed. I was not capable of quakes at your age."*

Her eyes went wide as she stared at him, and he responded by growing a ring of vines around the two of them.

"So you're-"

"Felix, a Venus Adept like you."

"Felix..." She said thoughtfully, *"I've heard stories of you."*

"*Truly?*" He played.

"*Don't make fun of me. You saved the world, everyone knows of you.*" She snapped, to which Felix replied with an apologetic and curt nod, "*Sorry.*" She finished, dropping the bag of gold back in between them, "*I shouldn't steal from heroes... I thought you were just another merchant guard.*" Her eyes were still fixed on the large purse though, obviously sick to be parting with it.

Felix opened the bag and took a few of the coins, all that he would need for the next day or three, before closing it and handing it back to the girl. Her eyes went wide as he pushed the bag of gold into her small hands, her dagger falling to the ground.

"*Keep it, you need it more than I.*" Her mouth was agape as he offered one of his seldom seen smiles. She swallowed and seemed to try to shake her head, though it amounted to nothing more than once to the left before returning to stare between him and the gold in her lap.

With that, Felix stood, happy in the knowledge that he had improved the little life for now. The thought gave him pause as he reached the mouth of the alley. *For now.* How long before that gold ran out? What if she fell ill? What if she was robbed? Gold could only provide so much for a girl as young as her.

Amelia smiled widely as she was carried on Felix's shoulders through the lands surrounding her old home, his backpack providing a comfy surface to lean back against. She hugged the ebony-haired man's head as she looked out over the surrounding fields, and silently whispered her thank you to him.

Meanwhile Felix wondered if this was how his sister and all the others felt when they carried their children with them.

Yeah... not really so much what happened the small town as it is me indulging myself. It did have wanderer!Felix though, right? That's good. Anyhoo... hope you like it!

***Chapter 33*: Chapter 33**

***Matthew high for HarmonyBenderFreak!
Enjoy!***

"You're sure this will work?" Sveta asks as she eyes the foul smelling concoction Kraden has brewed.

The scholar chuckles slightly, *"Definitely, your highness. Provided Matthew drinks the entire potion it should stave off any infection or illness until we can get him the proper treatment. Although..."* The man pauses thoughtfully.

"Although?" Sveta repeats urgently, already hesitant enough about giving the sleeping leader the drink.

Kraden adjusts his glasses on his nose as he studies Matthew's unconscious face, *"Though I have made it with the same ingredients as I did years ago, climates and soils have changed dramatically. Though they will have the same medicinal effects there is a chance he might experience... strange side-effects. Nothing to worry about though."*

From the smile he offered her, Sveta knew that Kraden was 100% sure that this wouldn't harm Matthew in any *real* way. Besides, it was to heal him, or help heal him at least. She nodded her thanks to the wizened traveller as he left before she crouched down next to the blonde boy, inspecting the gashes across his chest. She felt a pang of guilt since it was *her* fault he had been injured. Had she been paying attention in battle he would not have had to protect her.

The beastgirl shook her head before gently rocking the young man beside her. It took about a minute but he finally

stirred, his blue eyes opening to the world in a haze of confusion and most likely pain. She pressed a claw to his lips when he tried to open his mouth.

She offered him a warm smile as she presented him with the vial Kraden had given her, *"Drink up, it'll help your recovery."*

He nodded weakly as she lifted the rim to his lips before slowly swallowing down every last drop of the slimy mixture. A fogged breath escaped his mouth as his head fell back against the pillow. Sveta smiled again, gently wiping any residue from his lips before dabbing his forehead with a wet cloth.

The minutes passed in silence. Sveta continued to gently dab the cloth against the boy's heated skin while she listened to his breath. It was much calmer and controlled than it was before she had woken him so she was greatly relieved. The silence was finally broken though, by a light flurry of breaths from Matthew's lips. Sveta's first thoughts were panicked but as she glanced at Matthew they were eased by the gentle smile on his face.

He was laughing. Giggling slightly. It was such a pure sound. Sveta found herself smiling wider than she had in a while at the sight and sound of it.

"Sveta~ You're sho pwetty."

The words struck the lavender beastgirl still, heat immediately flushing her cheeks a bright cherry red. So shocked was she that she could do little about Matthew's hand which planted itself against her face and gently fell down it back to his side.

"Sho soft." He giggled happily, *"Aww, your ears are sho cute too! Boing! Boing!"* He laughed as he touched them and they flicked upwards in response.

Strange side-effects...

"And your eyes are so bright and pretty..." His face went blank as he stared at her like a child before giggling again, *"Who's that man in them?"*

Oh. It clicked and Sveta finally regained control of herself, though her face was still much darker than usual. She fought Matthew's hands back down to his side, trying to think of something to say to the babbling Venus Adept. A feat made even more difficult by him constantly reaching up to her and saying how pretty he thought she was.

"Um... M-Matthew, try to rest. You need rest." She stammers, pushing his hands down to his sides for the umpteenth time that minute. How he manages to wriggle out of her grasp and reach up to touch her again is beyond her belief.

"Nooo... no rest. I wanna stay up with you~" He whined, propping himself up on an elbow to get closer to her.

"M-Matthew, please-"

"Hug!" He proclaims, succeeding in wrapping an arm around her and pulling both of them down onto his bedroll.

Sveta immediately tried to pry herself from his grip to check he hasn't done anything to aggravate his wounds, but doesn't for fear of doing the very same. Meanwhile, Matthew is affectionately nuzzling at the top of her head.

"Mmm, you're so warm and cuddly, Sveta. Can I keep you?" He asks as he snuggles closer to her.

"Will you rest if I do too?" Sveta tries as some final desperate attempt to calm him down, she really didn't want to answer that question after all.

"Mm-hmm..." He mumbles into her hair, his nose still nuzzling back and forth in the lavender silk.

"O-okay..." She swallows as she manoeuvres herself, a task made near impossible due to Matthew's grip around her, into next to him. When she is still, Matthew rewraps his arms around her waist as he buries his face into the back of her neck.

"Nighty-night..." He whispers.

Sveta rolls her eyes, praying to every god there is that no one would walk in on the two of them spooning on the same bedroll. She listens, with gritted teeth, to every single sound her keen ears can pick out, fearing that every snap of a twig, every crushed blade of grass, every rustle of fabric is someone coming to check on Matthew.

She isn't sure how long she stays there worrying before she realises that the only sounds are those of crickets under the moonlight, the only light source now that the fire has gone out. She heaves a relieved breath and relaxes slightly, before remembering what she is relaxing into is the very reason she was worried.

But... all would be well for the next few hours, right? She could enjoy this for a bit longer, couldn't she? After all... Matthew was really soft and warm too...

Yeaaaah.... Not sure where I was going with this. I did have a plan... but it just didn't get stuck to. Ah well...,

what can you do?
This one shall have a sequel, by the by.

***Chapter 34*: Chapter 34**

***Sveta gets high for HarmonyBenderFreak.
Sequel to the previous one.***

Matthew noted the similar circumstances and cursed himself for it. He had not been paying attention and now Sveta was injured because of his foolishness. OF course, the others all assured him that it was no one's fault but the enemy's, but he didn't really believe that. Sveta was injured because of *him*. She was unconscious and wounded because of *him*. It *was* his fault.

Thankfully Kraden and Rief assured that she would be fine, it was no worse than when he was injured protecting her no less than a week ago. They offered him a flask of a vile looking and smelling potion. The worst of it is he remembered it, having been too out of it to care when he had to drink it, but now just looking at it made him retch. He *really* didn't want to make Sveta drink this, especially after he had put her in this state. But... if it was to help her... it was all for the best.

Gingerly, he lifted her head to rest on his lap and softly parted her lips. He swallowed as he brought the flask to her lips and slowly tipped its contents into her throat, massaging it so as to help the fluid down. He didn't stop until the flask had been drained and he was sure she had swallowed it all. After that he simply sat there with her head in his lap, gently rubbing her forehead and stroking her hair, marvelling at the silky softness. A thought which reminded him of a dream he had had when he had been injured in which he pretty much felt up the young princess.

He sat there musing about the quest, the dangers, his friends, and the girl below him, until his thoughts were distracted by a soothing noise. He glanced down to find Sveta's mouth curled upwards slightly, her throat vibrating ever so slightly as she purred. Matthew chuckled a little, sometimes forgetting she was part animal. She didn't often let it show, she tried to be more *"human"* around them, but there was something so endearing and cute about her true self that Matthew so preferred. He wished she wouldn't hide herself.

Sveta's eyes opened, her thin pupils expanding and shrinking as they adjusted to the light which shone through the tent's flap. They immediately fell upon the smiling face of the boy who was cradling her and a wise smile broke out across her face, exposing her fangs.

"Matthew~" She said, the final sounds being washed away by the sounds of a heavy purr, that Matthew could feel vibrate through his entire body.

"You're awake." He said gladly, grinning in full.

"You're aura's so beautiful."

"My what?" He asked, his grin morphing into utter confusion.

"So many colours... they're so pretty, the way they light you up." She lifted a clawed hand to grab at the air around the Venus Adept, who glanced up to make sure he wasn't missing something. Of course it didn't take long for him to remember that this was probably an after effect of the potion or the injury.

Before Matthew knew it, he was pinned to the ground with Sveta above him, her green eyes unfocused as she giggled.

He struggled against her but even in her weakened state Sveta was still physically stronger than Matthew.

"S-Sveta!? What're you doing?" He gasped out, still struggling against her firm grip, his eyes uickly darting to her side to make sure her injury wasn't disturbed.

"I want to taste it..." She said absently, her eyes roving round his face, her tongue quickly gliding over her lips.

"Sveta, n-Ah!"

Sveta quickly closed the gap between their faces and ran her tongue along Matthew's cheek. Matthew froze, trying to determine if what was happening *was* actually happening. After feeling the flat wet surface of Sveta's tongue slide across his face for what was probably the tenth time he did regain himself.

"S-Sveta!"

"Mmm... it tastes like a fluffily cloud made of rainbows, Matthew." She leaned back a little, confusion coming over her as she looked down on him, *"Have you never tasted it? Here!"* she licked his cheek again, and when he opened his mouth to protest she slid his tongue in, wrapping around his. His protests turned into nothing more than muffles into her mouth as she kissed him, or, in her mind, let him taste his aura.

"Sooooo tasty~ Isn't it!?" She let out a sigh of relief before taking in a deep breath through her nose. Her jaw went slack as her pupils dilated, and she took another sharp breath through her nose.

Her face was buried down against Matthew's again, literally pressed as close as it could be as she inhaled through her

nose repeatedly.

"So good~" She purred, "Smells so gooooooood~" She licked his cheek again while he struggled underneath her. She dragged her tongue across his face while her nose pressed against the skin and through his hair inhaling whatever the medicine was making her think she was smelling.

Matthew had long since given up on trying to break from the girl's impressive grip and resigned to simply allowing her to, essentially, have her way with him. By the time she eventually tired, her cheek collapsing against his as drowsiness set in, his face was practically soaked with her saliva.

"Mm... I'm full... Sleepy... you stay with me, Matthew..." She mumbled through a sleepy yawn, curling up on top of him, "You're warm an' comfy..."

It wasn't really like he had much choice, but he did wrap his arms around her as an answer. She nodded, mumbling something which could have been a thank you, but due to recent events Matthew would not have been surprised if it was something else entirely.

Not too long after, she was gently purring in her sleep again, Matthew simply chuckled, the ordeal having exhausted him. He yawned, planting a gentle kiss on the top of her head and whispered a good night to her, silently promising to never tell anyone, even her, what had happened as he drifted off.

Yeah, I imagine things work a little differently on humans with enhanced senses like Sveta. Sooooo... I dunno. I tried some stuff. *shrug* Hope you liked it though.

***Chapter 35*: Chapter 35**

***Sveta learns to become invisible and spooks Matthew
for HarmonyBenderFreak!
Enjoy!***

Matthew loves when they finally set up camp for the night and have eaten. It is one of the few times the group can relax and not have to worry about monsters ambushing them, or the swirling black of the Eclipse that brought death to all under its shadow. No, in camp, with the fires lit, and everyone at ease and ready to rest, things were happy.

They were *safe*.

Matthew gasps as he feels a scratch against his neck, just enough to cause pain. He had been wandering absentmindedly again. What if he had walked beyond the protective enchantment of the camp's Sacred feather? He was easy prey right now. He rolled away in whatever direction his mind decided was best, quickly scanning the surroundings for a tell-tale sign of the attacker.

Nothing.

He was still within the camp, but just far enough away for no one to notice what was happening. Could a monster have gotten through the charm? His eyes darted again, finding the curtain of shadow that signified the lands covered by the Eclipse. Though he was close, they were nowhere near close enough to attract a shadow bea-

Schlick.

He gasps and rolls again, his sleeve having been cut, his arm undamaged though. Whatever this was, it was toying with him, playing with its food as it were. He narrowed his eyes, looking for anything that would give away the attacker.

Schlick.

Another tear. He shut his eyes, focusing on his Psynergy, trying to find the land where this beast's steps landed. He picked up on his friends behind him, a rabbit or squirrel to his left, but no-

Schlick.

This tear against his back was punctuated with a deep growl, one that taunted him, seemed to laugh at him. In the corner of his mind he thought he heard whispers, nothing he could make out, but it was enough to terrify him. His sense told him to retreat to camp, to call the others and get help, but his mind was foggy with thoughts and noises that just whispered constantly in the corner of his brain.

His heart jumped into his throat as his face was grabbed, his cheeks forced together by the strength of the grip against him. He tried to cry out or gasp, but nothing came. The grip tightened, and he cursed himself for being so stupid. Cursed himself for not being able to save the world and make his father proud. Cursed himself for never telling her how he-

His thoughts ended abruptly when a beautiful pair of very recognisable green eyes appeared. "*Boo!*" Sveta materialised before him in an instant, nearly making the blonde leader jump right out of his skin.

"Sveta!? What the hell!? I was scared to death!" He yelled, pushing her away sharply.

The girl frowned, walking back to him and taking his hand in hers, *"I'm sorry... was just having a little fun. My Djinn told me I could turn invisible so I th-"*

"So, you thought you'd give me a heart-attack?" He responded, his lungs finally refilling with the air he realised he was lacking.

"Sorry!" She said quickly, turning her face to the ground in her shame, *"I-I didn't mean to really scare you. I just wanted to play..."*

"Play?" Matthew was positively dumbfounded by her.

The beastgirl nodded sheepishly, *"It's how Beastmen play. They scratch and 'hunt' each other. I'm sorry I just..."*

Matthew exhaled slowly, seeing his friend was really sorry. He knew she hadn't meant anything by it of course. Sometimes he had to remind himself that she was different, had grown up in a vastly different culture to normal humans. He pulled her close and hugged her tight.

"It's okay... I'm sorry I reacted so harshly." He needed to remember that she wasn't perfectly aware of how to act around humans. Several times they had caught her licking the back of her hand to comb against her face, *"It's okay."*

The girl merely nodded into his chest, apologising again.

"Hey, why don't I teach you how humans play? We have a lot of games and I'm sure the others would like the chance to have fun for a while." He asked, still hugging the lavender girl to his chest.

A muffled reply of *"I'd like that."* came.

Before long, nearly the entire group were playing games, and learning new ones from each other.

And when Matthew saw the bright and joyous smile on Sveta's face, he couldn't help but want to play every day.

Initially, I was gonna do some shippy stuff, but decided against it and went for cute friendship stuff. Well, I hope you liked it!

***Chapter 36*: Chapter 36**

A group of very-loving Djinni tackle Matthew for HarmonyBenderFreak!

Djinn insufferable elemental disasters full of boundless energy and mischief. If they're not helping an adept master their Psynergy or summoning the avatars of the elemental gods then they're up to something. More often than not, it is not enjoyable for their Adept masters. Djinn are very loving and loyal creatures, and they love no one more than their master. Yet, there is always an agreement when many Djinn gather with many masters. The leader is always the one who receives their love periodically.

As such, while Sol's light was blocked by the dark power of the Alchemy Dynamo and the grave Eclipse, the gathered Djinn decided to shower their leader with love and affection, in an attempt to lighten his heavy spirits.

Flint, as the leader's primary Djinn as with his father before him, was in charge of the planning and ideas. Many were given by Djinn of all shapes and elements. They knew if their leader remained sad their own masters would suffer as result. Ideas of shooting sparks and fireworks into the sky, or of drawing images of light in the air, or playing pranks on the others to make him laugh were just a few of the hundreds of ideas each Djinni had.

It was eventually decided though, that the best course of action was the simplest. They would hug their leader. Humans loved hugs. They loved the warmth and the closeness, so surely Matthew would love nearly all the Djinn in the world hugging him, right? Sure they didn't have arms

or anything to effectively hug him, but it was the thought that counted.

While the blonde was alone in his room, contemplating all that had happened, staring remorsefully at the darkened land he had helped curse with this Eclipse through the porthole, Flint sent out the silent message to all the other Djinn.

"Oh, Matthew~" Flint called out playfully, having materialised away from him.

The blonde turned questioningly, only to be greeted by a miniature army of browns, blues, purples, and reds charging toward him all at once. He was tackled to the ground and swarmed upon by the elemental being in less than a second, every inch of his body being pressed affectionately against by all of them.

"Please don't be sad, Mister Matthew!"

"Smile for us! Laugh!"

"Are we soft!?"

"We're hugging you, Matty-boy!"

"You like hugs, right!?"

"We love you!"

*"*fan-girl squeal*"*

"Cheer up!"

"We'll beat this stupid Eclipse!"

"Marry Mistress Sveta!"

"No Marry Mistress Karis!"

"Himi!"

"I'm Bolt!"

Amongst all the surprisingly soft creatures nuzzling against him and cheering him on, or just spouting nonsense, Matthew found himself laughing in no time. His worries, guilts, and fears alleviated amongst the shapes and colours of his loving companions.

Eventually, they all broke away from him, leaving him a dishevelled mess, but a happy one at that.

"Thank you, all of you." He said, smiling fully and honestly for the first time in a while.

"It was my idea, Master Matthew. Tell your Master Isaac." Flint piped up.

Matthew chuckled, *"I'll be sure to do so, Flint. But first... I would like to hug each one of you."* Individually." He added hastily before he was rushed again.

Joyously, each elemental sprite bounded up into his arms one after another and received a very warm and affectionate hug from their leader, who thanked each and every one of them individually and by name. Few people could remember them all AND tell the difference.

This made the Djinn very happy, especially seeing their leader so happy. With a final cheer for Matthew they all quickly swirled back to their respective masters, proud of the job they had done.

***And yeah! I got feels and laughs writing this, so I
hope you did too!***

***Chapter 37*: Chapter 37**

Djinn like licking people for HarmonyBenderFreak!

As it is, by now, no doubt very well known, Djinn are very affectionate creatures. Although, sometimes their affection can go just a bit too far. Public embarrassment, accidentally revealing secrets or feeling sin the hopes to make their masters' happy, or just generally being a nuisance are some of the more personal dangers of befriending a Djinni. Recently, they had discovered a form of affection that they enjoyed to give a lot as well, more so than any other.

Karis was the first to experience what they had learned, her Jupiter Djinn swirled about her head when she was feeling particularly frustrated with Tyrell and had gone to blow off steam in her room. She sat and giggled a little as they danced around her, slowly drawing closer and closer. This is when Karis discovered something she had not known about Djinn.

They had *tongues*.

It made sense in hindsight, since they could speak normally, but seemingly without mouths. She would have preferred to learn through sight alone though, as her learning came as one of her little sprites licked along her arm. She shuddered slightly at the touch. It wasn't... *unpleasant* as such. But it was definitely weird. Definitely very weird. Especially as it came with a distinct miniature, but admittedly comforting, shock.

She flinched away from the Djinni in question, only to receive the same tingle across wherever her skin was

exposed. She flinched away, asking them to stop, trying not to just *let* them... lick her? Ugh, the thought disgusted her for a variety of reasons.

"Stop! Stop right now!" she demanded through giddy breaths.

"We want Mistress Karis to feel better!"

"Find another way!" she protested, running from them only to crash into the earlier source of her discomfort.

"TYRELL!" She yelled, hastily climbing back to her feet, hoping that her Djinn wouldn't catch her, only to see the Mars Adept's elementals doing the very same to him.

"S-sorry!" he responded loudly with a face as red as his hair, *"M-my god-damned D-Djinn just started to li-ah! Stop it!"*

With a quick summoning of Psynergy Karis called up a gust to repel the Djinn and give them time to escape. Surprised yelps and curses from further down the ship and above respectively suggested that the other Djinn were behaving exactly the same.

Together, Tyrell and Karis hurried away from the Djinn, leaving their comrades to their weird fate, and rushed into the nearest room, bolting the door behind them.

"Karis? Tyrell?" A voice asked as they panted with their faces pressed against the cool wood, trying to shake both the memories and the sensations of the Djinn tongues.

The two, panting and trying to calm themselves, turned to find Sveta sitting cross-legged on her bed as her Djinn gave her the exact same treatment their's had been inflicting upon them.

"*Sveta!*" Karis cried, "*They're... they're...!*"

"*Excellent groomers aren't they?*" Sveta smiled happily, licking the back of her hand and affectionately rubbing the head of the nearest Djinn, who responded with a happy cry.

"*Groomers!?*" The two Adepts replied, astonished, ignoring the shouts of discomfort and the calls from their Djinn on the other side of the door.

"*Of course!*" She replied with a wide smile, "*The lack of a proper bath on this ship is disgraceful, having little friends who enjoy cleaning and grooming you is a godsend! Why, I'd be positively filthy without them.*"

Karis raised a shaky finger at the beastgirl, "*Are YOU responsible for their sudden behaviour?*"

"*How else are you to bathe?*"

The two paused and looked at each other awkwardly, trying to ignore the matted hair and dirt caked into their skin. The ship had been sailing for some time without landing, and there was no suitable place to bathe. They had taken it in stride and ignored it until now... but when forced to face it they were nothing but embarrassed to their core.

"*We... haven't.*" They responded with their gazes on the floor.

Sveta laughed a little, "*And I'm the animal in the group.*"

After another minute or two of talk with the princess of Morgal and with her, thankfully calm, Djinn, the two decided to let the Djinn... *lick* them just once... just to see.

It was an experience they never wished to repeat. The sensations of 7 to 9 tiny tongues running over, and admittedly cleaning, the body was just too weird to ever do again. Especially as the sprites repeatedly told them how much they enjoyed '*bathing*' them.

It was an experience they would take to their graves. And if any Djinn ever spoke publicly, those graves would be accompanied by very tiny ones around them.

I honestly have no idea what I was doing here. But seriously, a tiny creature wants to lick and clean you and tells you they enjoy doing it? No thanks. That's just far too weird. Anyway... yeaahh...

***Chapter 38*: Chapter 38**

DD gang goes to a ball and Matthew gets stunned by how Sveta looks for HarmonyBenderFreak!

Matthew had been uncomfortable. He had been anxious and sweating from fear and the pressure of the situation. All of them had been invited to a royal ball to celebrate Queen Sveta's successful rule. He hadn't seen her since they parted ways after the Eclipse. He had been 'busy' helping his father with the studies of Mt. Aleph and the Psynergy Vortexes. He had not written to her and had not responded to her letters.

His heart caught in his throat whenever he received one, and his face became redder than Tyrell whenever he was lectured. She always wrote the sweetest things and expressed her worries for him and told him stories of her kingdom. He never responded because he convinced himself they both had more important things to do, she was a queen and had a country to rule, and he was a hero's son with a duty to the world and its safety. Karis always asked if he wanted her to include anything when *she* responded on their behalf.

Then everything changed. He had been standing stock still alongside his rag-tag group of Adepts who saved the world from the Grave Eclipse, all of them dressed in formal wear distinctive to their origins. Then, Sveta entered.

Matthew's jaw dropped the moment he saw her. He was so accustomed to see her in her casual travelling gear with her hair done up in her twin braids. Her image had somewhat faded in his mind over the months without contacting her at all, mainly because of his own fears, she was a queen after

all. Her hair was done and free, spilling down her back in delicate and meticulously worked curls. Even with their length hampered by the swirls her hair still reached to her lower back, a lavender sea of silk flowing around her shoulders and back.

He had never seen her in anything '*feminine*' as such. So to see her in a dress, an extravagant purple ball-gown no less, had him completely stunned. Somewhere he registered amused chuckles from his friends at his side, but he couldn't focus really, not with the beautiful queen walking toward him. The flowing fabric of her dress flowed behind her, and it exposed much more of her than he was used to seeing.

Her arms, back, and from the knees down were left bare and revealed something he never knew about his beast-girl friend. She was marked. Tattoos of swirling spiralling patterns streamed across her limbs, all of them a varying shade of purple and lavender which seemed to blend into her fur. Matthew's eyes roved over the approaching body quickly, before realising eyes of many Beastmen and his friends were on him and his gaze jumped up to her face, which only made his jaw drop further.

He had forgotten how absolutely beautiful she was. Her vibrant green eyes, filled with every verdant colour of nature, were fixed right on him, piercing into his very soul. He found himself becoming lost in them as she drew nearer. When she was closer, he noticed the distinct pink tone behind her lavender-furred cheeks. This in turn made him see how wide her mouth was spread in a joyous smile, exposing several of her teeth to the room.

He coughed to try and regain himself, when she was no more than two feet away, realising now how much of a fool he must have looked to her. She giggled as he did, and he

felt the heat in his cheeks intensify, her giggle was so... so *cute*.

"*Everyone...*" she said gently when she reached them, her voice calm and controlled, but still filled with immeasurable happiness.

Each of them returned their greetings and kind words. Matthew remained silent, still reeling. The others all splintered off to various parts of the hall to dance, or eat, or socialise, leaving Matthew alone with the queen.

"*I'm sorry.*" He said, his first words to her since the day they last saw each other.

Sveta simply smiled, slipping her paw into his hand and squeezing it gently, "*I'm just glad you're here now. I was worried.*"

"*I'm sorry.*" He repeated weakly, "*I have no excuse...*"

She smiled again, leading him onto the dance-floor, "*Then make it up to me. AND promise to write back from now on.*"

Meekly, the Venus Adept laughed, and after reaching the centre of the floor, began to dance with the beautiful queen. They moved around and spun and swirled to match the music, be it fast and exciting, or slow and loving.

"*S-Sveta? Umm...*"

The beastgirl '*hmm'd*' in response.

"*Umm... the... the reason I didn't write back...*"

"*It doesn't matter.*" She assured, her head resting on his shoulder as they slowly moved to the calming music.

"N-no, it does. Umm... I was telling myself it was because we have duties, you as a queen, me as my father's son... but that's not the truth."

Sveta brought her head up to look him in the eyes curiously. Her eyes seemed to calm him, make him realise what he was about to say was entirely true.

"I was afraid... afraid I would say or write something stupid, scare you off. And I never want to do that... I... I always want you in my life." He swallowed, noticing her eyes starting to shimmer in the light, *"Having to part from you after our time together was so hard, and I know I could never stand it again... I love you, Sveta... I... I want to be with you."*

"Matthew..." The girl in his arms purred softly, her cheeks more red than lavender now.

"I know it'll be hard, and that with you as roya-"

Matthew never got to finish his sentence, and he knew he would never need to voice the fears he was about to, as Sveta pressed her lips against his. Were he capable, he would have laughed into it, but he was so consumed by relief and love that he couldn't do anything but kiss her back.

Yeah, hope you liked it!

***Chapter 39*: Chapter 39**

Spiritship first kiss for HarmonyBenderFreak!

They stammered and blushed together. Both were trying to say the exact same thing, and neither of them knew it or how to do it. Matthew scratched his head and Sveta traced circles in her clothes before looking at each other, stammering and blushing all over again. Matthew turned to her again, just as she did, and took a step closer in some attempt to give himself the strength to get the words out of his throat. Sveta had done the exact same.

Their faces bumped against each other and the two froze on the spot awkwardly, their cheeks as hot as Mars' flames. Matthew exhaled, his breath brushing over Sveta's face, which made her shiver because of... *some* feeling and stumbled forward slightly, catching herself on the man before her.

She looked up at him, his arms holding hers in a gentle and strong embrace, and he returned the very same. The two saw the other one swallow. Matthew simply took the opportunity, hoping to the gods that this would help him voice his reasons.

It was really weird. It... it *tickled*. Matthew had to do everything in his power not to giggle like a fool as he brought his face close to Sveta's, her cheeks glowing red. The light dusting of fur over her face tickled him and made it more awkward than he could ever imagine. He pushed past it though, tilting his head and pressing his lips against hers.

Sveta would have gasped if her lips were not occupied. Matthew's blue eyes had shut themselves as he kissed her. She relaxed into the loving embrace, thoroughly in love with the gentle sensation she was experiencing.

Her lips were so soft, the sensation of her fur against his skin was nearly forgotten as he tasted her lips on his. He pressed closer, wrapping his arms around her, her hands gripping gently onto his shoulders.

She tightened her grip slightly, scratching the denim of his jacket, as she moved her lips against his. Her nose rubbed against his, their differences so painfully apparent but right now it didn't matter. Nothing mattered except this.

He inhaled through his nose, breathing in her scent entirely. It was invigorating and relaxing all in one. She smelt of nature, of spring grass on the wind. His hand slid up her back, meeting the nape of her neck before the taut strands of her hair. Carefully he moved his hand into it, feeling the gentle softness as it swirled into her twin braids.

Her ears twitched upward in response as he breathed in deep. He... he was *smelling* her. She found that really odd. She could smell him all the time from across the camp and in battle, she could smell all of them. She didn't know normal humans did that, maybe it was part of it? She returned the gesture, breathing in the scent she was so accustomed to and it attacked her senses fully. It was earth and freshly turned soil, and it was so rich and perfect.

Gingerly, he parted his mouth, guiding hers with it, and extended his tongue forward. It quickly met clenched fangs. He probed his tongue softly against them several times, hoping to convey the message to the beastgirl.

She inhaled sharply, her focus broken, as her lips were opened by his. Sveta tensed up, unsure of what was happening. Gods, she probably looked like such a fool to him. She felt something prod against her fangs, wet and warm at the entrance to her mouth. Slowly, she relaxed her jaw, unclenching her teeth to allow entrance.

Matthew smiled warmly into the kiss and pulled the beastgirl closer to him, meeting her tongue still flat against her mouth. He moved his against it, trying his best to coax it up and around. He could just imagine how much she was blushing and it was just so cute to him.

The feeling was so weird. His tongue felt so different to hers. It was fleshy and thick... it was a *human's* tongue. Hers was much more flat and long... she was scared of answering his request in case he thought she was *too* different. All the same, with enough coaxing she eventually brought her tongue to meet his.

Surprise was his first thought. Her tongue so easily wrapped around his, and moved into his mouth. Yet, he liked it. He pushed back with his own, determined to make sure that this kiss would be a good one and that it would definitely not be their last.

Sveta hadn't realised that her arms had hooked around the back of Matthew's neck, nor had she realised she had been pulling him closer to her from the moment their tongues intertwined. But she wanted him closer, she wanted to hold him forever, to taste more of him, to never let him go. She was always so afraid that he would not like her because of their differences, both in class and race, but now they were kissing.

Eventually, their lips parted, a strand or two of saliva still connecting them, before Sveta licked her lips and broke them.

"*I love you.*" Matthew said simply, brushing his thumb across the beautiful girl's cheek.

"*I love you too.*" Sveta replied, tears in her emerald.

Hope you like this one too!

***Yeah, I know it's kind of a HBF spam tonight... well,
that's just the way it is.***

***Also, I was trying something with this one... maybe i
shouldn't experiment with things I'm publishing but
meh.***

***Chapter 40*: Chapter 40**

Cute Valeship for Riestarr!

Jenna pouted jealously by her dock, her tiny bare feet still quite a ways from reaching the river's surface. It wasn't fair. Why did her brother have to be born first and get to do older things like kiss someone he liked?

Jenna had seen it! She had seen Kay kiss her brother's cheek! Felix told her she was making it up, and her parents just gave a stupid smile saying she was too young for that. Her brother was only two years older than she was! And she was just as grown up as him. Why shouldn't she get to kiss a boy on the cheek too?

"Hi, Jenna!" A happy voice called on the wind.

Jenna's face contorted into a reluctant half-smile, still wanting to seem a little upset, but when her best friend in the whole world was running to her with the biggest smile she had ever seen, she couldn't help but feel happy.

"Hi, Isaac!" She called back happily as the six-year old raced to her, waving to him with her small hand.

"Look! Look!" The boy urged quickly, shoving his arm forward toward her.

The young-pigtailed girl leaned back slightly to gaze at the object in question. It was a tiny flower growing from a small bit of earth in his palm. She was about to speak up when she looked back at the huge proud grin plastered over her friend's face.

"I grew it myself! I can do Psynergy!" He announced proudly, demonstrating this by shutting his big blue eyes tight in concentration. Jenna's mouth dropped when she saw the rings of power circle her friend for a second and the petals in the flower grew a tiny bit more.

"Wow! That's amazing! How do you do it?" She asked, poking the now slightly bigger flower.

The boy shrugged, "I... I dunno! I just can!"

"No fair!" Jenna pouted again, returning to her sulking position on the edge of the dock.

She stared sullenly at her moving reflection in the water's surface, fuming over not being able to do yet another thing.

Then the flower was shoved in front of her.

She glanced at it to Isaac's smiling face several times.

"I want you to have it." He smiled, urging her to take it from him.

Reluctantly, she did so, scooping the earth carefully into her own palm. As she did she felt a gentle heat in her face and Isaac sat beside her.

"I can keep growing them and giving them to you until you figure out how!" The boy said happily, ignorant of her elemental limitations.

This only made Jenna's face grow hotter and she could think of nothing to say. Isaac continued to babble happily and proudly of how he'd be the best adept in the world and fill it with flowers for her.

But he was soon left dumbstruck and silenced when Jenna smacked her tiny lips against his cheek and said "Thank you" before quickly running off afraid someone might have seen them.

Isaac touched his cheek softly, now the same colour as Jenna's hair, and promised to grow her all the flowers she could want.

Years later, she tossed those very flowers over her head as they became husband and wife.

Yeah, hope you like this too!

***Chapter 41*: Chapter 41**

Something on Anemos for swo87!

For the longest time the high-seers had proclaimed that Alchemy would return to the world of Weyard. They had known before the seal, they had known before they proclaimed to flee to the heavens, and they continued to tell all of the Anemos remaining that Alchemy would one day return, and so would they, to the world below that they so often dreamed of.

They had not known that a messenger would be needed. A child. The vision came to them as unexpectedly as a bolt of lightning on a clear night. They saw the blonde meteor who would grow to be a hero, a hero of wind and electricity so akin to their own.

They waited years, for the right child to be born. They surveyed and studied every couple and birth in the once grand city of the skies. No one knew of course, the populace was ignorant of what the seers knew. They would never agree to the study of their private lives, of their powers and their children.

Then the day came.

The seers wordlessly poured into the midwifing chambers with their royal guard. The attendants were all forced out of the room, leaving only the stunned and crying parents of the Anemos' hero, cradled in their arms, with the seers blankly staring at them.

They did not explain. They did not console. They did not offer any words. The royal guard already knew of their mission, and once the room was empty they carried out their orders. They restrained the father easily, who kicked and fought back against the armoured knights. The mother, try as she might, could put up no struggle from her recent ordeal. The child was snatched from her arms and taken from the room.

The guards dropped the parents and filed out orderly after the seers. Screams and cries followed them as they marched, followed by frantic footsteps of the blonde mother. She had struggled from her bed and chased them down, her bright green eyes doing their best to find reason or humanity within the eyes of the warriors or the seers.

None met her gaze.

She was pushed back and not aside.

"Please no!", "Not my daughter!", "Give her back please!", "Why are you taking her!?", "That's my little girl!", "You cannot just take her!", these were the screams that echoed through the ears of each and every one of the Anemos who had helped take the crying child from their mother.

"Give me back my daughter, you bastards!", "How dare you take her!?", "That is our little girl!", "I'll kill you all to get her back!", these were the father's roars, his sorrow still fresh in every mind.

Their screams eventually became muffled cries as they were sealed out of the seers' temple. The child's fresh wails reverberated off of every gilded wall, wanting the warm embrace of its loving family once more.

The seers were silent through it all, as ever. They imbued the child with protective Psynnergies, and, with no more than a flick of their collective wrists, sent the child plummeting toward the world below, waiting for the day she would herald their return.

Yeah, I decided to take the Sheba route with Anemos. Where else would I go with it though, in all fairness?

Personal headcanon that sheba's departure was anything but willing for her family.

I was gonna do where the parents knew and they accepted her fate, and watched over her, but this seemed more heart-breaking and cruel to inflict on you readers. Oh me.

Was also gonna do a post thing where the Anemos return, but nah.

Pretty much would have been: "The city fell from the sky. Sheba watched in both horror and hope. (She eventually finds family amongst throngs of others somehow) Teary reunion.

***Chapter 42*: Chapter 42**

Tyrell meets a Pikachu for Awesome!

Tyrell glanced angrily as Karis and Matthew played with Flint. The little annoying brown ball seemed just so happy to be stealing his friends' attention. Not to mention it was Matthew's dad who had made him tag along. Not like they were going on a dangerous quest to steal a feather from a sacred bird or anything. Not like *his* dad could have offered up some of his Mars Djinn to help out now could he?

Lazily he tossed a few blades of grass into the fire, watching them disappear amongst the orange and red tongues of flame. Flint was telling stories about their parents' quest. Normally, Tyrell would have liked to hear some tales of his dad that didn't make him seem like a hero, but he really just didn't want a reminder that Isaac seemed to care more about Matthew than Garet did about him.

"Going for a walk, guys." He stated simply, walking off into the forest, the words of the others simply falling upon deaf ears.

Tyrell muttered curses and threats toward Flint as he aimlessly wandered through the dark forest, his finger carrying a small flame to light his way. He had been hoping to spend some proper quality time bonding with his friends as they adventured together. How was he supposed to do that if every night Flint was up telling them stories and bringing up their parents and pretty much being a nuisance? Tyrell just wanted the three of them together, they didn't often get time alone.

A sudden rustling amongst the bushes caught his attention and made him stumble. He had forgotten monsters existed and that they were far more active during the night. Quickly fumbling with his belt he drew his sword and cautiously scanned the area.

"*H-hello?*" he called shakily, cursing himself already. What kind of stupid monster would answer him!?

"*Pika!*"

The returned call made him stumble and fall on his ass. His heart was pounding frantically in his chest as a small yellow creature jumped from the bushes at him. Tyrell's voice caught in his throat as he tried to scream in terror with the tiny beast lunging in for the kill.

"*Huh?*"

He glanced up as he hadn't felt any sharp claws or pretty much anything to suggest pain, being eaten, mauled, or getting killed. The little yellow creature was on his chest looking curiously at him.

"*Uhh... hi?*" He said awkwardly, worried that the monster may still kill him or was merely a distraction.

"*Chu~*" The creature purred excitedly, hopping off his chest and running around him before jumping back onto his chest.

Tyrell laughed nervously, this monster was actually pretty cute, even if it may try to kill him, "*I'm Tyrell, what's your name?*"

"*Pikachu!*" The monster called happily, nuzzling against his chest with a wide smile.

"Heh, you're pretty cute, what can you do?" He asked curiously.

The '*Pikachu*', whatever it was, cocked its tiny head to the side blankly. Tyrell demonstrated what he could do by making a quick flame sprout from his hand. The creature's tiny mouth opened wide in a recognising smile at the flame. It hopped off Tyrell's chest and tiny sparks crackled around its red cheeks. Tyrell rose a wary hand before yellow mouse thing loosed an electric bolt at a nearby dead trunk, setting it ablaze.

"Cool..." Tyrell breathed quietly, before picking up the creature that had bounded back to his side, *"So what are you then?"* He looked at the little creature. It was about the same size as Flint, it could be a Djinn. Tyrell had never seen a Jupiter one before after all, and that seemed to be what this one was about. Too bad it couldn't talk properly. He poked the red circle on its cheek, receiving a light shock as he did.

"Electric, huh? You must be a Jupiter Djinn, huh?" The creature simply smiled, making cute noises at the Mars Adept, *"Dunno, if what you can say is your name or not, but it's not very Jupiter-y, you know?"* The '*Pikachu*'s' ears moved from side to side curiously as Tyrell spoke, *"How about Sparks? You like that name?"*

"Pika!" The creature responded happily.

Tyrell laughed, releasing Sparks and standing up, letting it jump up onto his shoulder, *"Can't wait to show you to the other guys. You're my Jupiter Djinn, okay, Sparks? Don't let Karis take you."*

Sparks merely nodded happily as Tyrell hurried back toward camp.

"You're an idiot, Tyrell."

Neither the Mars Adept or Sparks took kindly to the insult from Flint when Tyrell announced he had found a Jupiter Djinn. Flint was promptly burned and electrocuted, making him return to Matthew and stay quiet about the matter for the rest of the quest.

Matthew and Karis didn't really care because it was so cute.

Yeah, wasn't necessarily sure what to do with this, but I gave it a shot. Think I remember a fic where young Jenna finds a Pikachu too... Either way, there it is, so yeah.

Also, I'm gonna try to do everything you asked for the angel wings one, but I may have to leave a thing or two out you know?

***Chapter 43*: Chapter 43**

Kraden x Pies for sw087... for some reason.

"*Is it ready yet?*" Kraden asks, agitated, his right leg twitching up and down at the table.

"*I swear to the gods, Kraden, if you ask that once more I will burn you alive.*" Gareth hissed from the kitchen, in which he was slaving to make a pie for Kraden. Gods damn he wished he had never cooked this stupid pie for the group a few weeks ago. It would have saved him so much trouble. Of course the senile old fool would have become absolutely addicted to it, wouldn't he?

"*But is it ready yet?*" Kraden asks again, fixing his glasses which had been offset by his excited fidgeting.

Gareth simply took a deep breath, squeezing his hands tightly to block out the noise of the childish old man. The remaining minutes passed in silent, horribly broken by Kraden repeating the same question again.

"*HERE!*" Gareth roared, shoving the pie he had slaved over under Kraden's nose and storming off to his quarters, swearing up a storm that would even make Briggs proud.

The moment Kraden had seen the pie however, he had stopped hearing everything but the gentle sizzle of its contents and the crumble of its crust. He could see nothing but the flaky cover and the steam which rose from it. He could smell nothing but the intoxicating aroma of the blueberry and herb mixture Gareth had so perfected. He could already taste the delicious filling, the exotic texture

already tantalising his tongue, making him salivate heavily with desire.

Quickly, he picked up the delicious object of his desire and scurried off to his room to enjoy it fully in every way he knew how as best he could. First, he would take a bite, just a little slice, he didn't want it to be over too quickly. With as steady hands as he could manage during his excited shakes, he grabbed the knife he saved just for these pies and cut into it. He moaned excitedly, watching an extra bout of steam burst from the cut along with an oozing of the tantalising filling.

With careful haste he grabbed the new slice and brought it to his mouth, his wrinkled lips dry from thought of the prize awaiting him. Sinking his teeth into the pastry, he was overwhelmed by an explosion of succulent flavour, melting his senses in a deluge of taste. He groaned around the mouthful, steadying himself against his desk as his legs lost the ability to hold him.

"Oh, Alchemy!" He exclaimed after he swallowed, *"Pie, you are the absolute best. Sciences above I could die happy right now!"*

Having given up any care for his dignity or anything else, he planted his face into the delicious pie, smearing blueberries and jam into his wrinkled skin and full beard. He extended his tongue licking and caressing anything he could reach, quickly succumbing to the pleasure the pastry offered him and it was not long before he was fumbling with his robes and smearing the pie and its contents all over himself.

"No, Kraden, I am not healing your burns!" Felix yelled at the old man, *"And no I do not care how you burned your..."*

area! Your experiments are something I just do not care for, and do not dare ask Mia to touch you because I will murder you myself."

"But... but, Felix. The burns! The burns! The fruity burns!"

"Silence!"

And thus, Kraden suffered with his burns for the weeks to come...

Once they had healed, he quickly replaced them.

Stupid old man.

Yeah, I have no idea what I was doing here. Didn't want to go too explicit, you know? Well, I hope you at least got a chuckle out of it.